



a stir of life

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an end-of-summer book
published in 1970 by
buck's rock work camp
new milford, connecticut

*Into every empty corner, into all forgotten things and nooks,
Nature struggles to pour life, pouring life into the dead, into
life itself. That immense, overwhelming, relentless, burning
ardency of Nature for the stir of life!*

- Henry Beston

In many of us, this summer, there has been a stir of life. There has been a birth of new interests and new loves, a discovery of new paths and possibilities. We have begun to look out at the natural world, to awaken to its beauty, to appreciate its order. We have also begun to search within ourselves, to explore our own potential; and we have gained, in the search, the desire to create and to communicate with others.

It is the environment of Buck's Rock which has given us this new sense of life. Here, as individuals, we are given the time and freedom to choose the areas that interest us. Without the pressures of the outside world, we explore our capabilities and our limitations. We experiment in the arts and develop talents and skills, trying many possibilities before finding the areas to which we commit a summer.

The landscape of Buck's Rock contributes to this sense of easiness and growth. Spending a summer in the hills of Connecticut, we grow more aware of our surroundings, and our relationship to our surroundings. Living close to the earth, discovering our love for the tree and flower, we respond to beauty with emotions we thought we could not feel. We relax in a shady forest, feel the peace of a still lake, and are inspired by the pattern of leaves on a rolling lawn.

Though our interests are diversified, the things we share bind Buck's Rock into a unified community. For two months of the year, the land the food and the buildings are used commonly by all, and although we do not all share the same opinions, there is an open-mindedness here which is essential to the atmosphere of freedom at the camp. Even though we must go at the end of a season, we share memories of past summers, and feel, during the year, that we are still a part of the Buck's Rock community.

We are now leaving, but we have made good use of the summer. We have learned to cherish our freedom, our friends, and our world, and returning home we will teach others of the joy of life.

Jon Greenblatt



this freedom of choice



Longfellow



*We come with the thirst for summer.
The thirst for voices and giggles, for ris-
ing winds and rains, for touches of quiet.*

*We come with the time to run the fields
and dance the water and lie silent with the
end of day, the gentle peace of night.*

*We are the truckload of wet-nosed shout-
ing children. We are each side of an explos-
ive water fight. We are the clusters of
smiles and music on the hill. We are our-
selves and each other, and we grow.*

*This place, this small cloister of con-
fusion and creativity, is ours. It is ours
for what we will do with it and how we will
build a summer around it. And in this, we
are all together. We are given the freedom
to choose the way our days will revolve, and*

with whom we will turn. And somehow, out of this single concept, this freedom of choice, grows a larger sense of freedom that winds around and through us all.

Perhaps this freedom is the need we feel for unbroken thought. Perhaps it is the searching and struggling and final joy of discovery. Perhaps it is a small child riding a larger child's shoulders. Perhaps it is a fistful of wildflowers and sharing peaches. Perhaps it is the ability to see and feel the life around you and within you, the ability to see the shadows of leaves on these pages.

Perhaps all of these, perhaps none.

We are told that total freedom is non-existent, impossible, that there is no such thing as a "free" person. But what we are living is not non-existent. What we feel and learn in these two months cannot be discounted. The things that have become parts of our very lives are realities, with a dream or two thrown in on the side.

And perhaps, in these brief, forever captured moments, we really can be free.

Francie Camper

slowly, I waited through the long winter months,
dying while outside the window panes,
the fleeting sky I could not touch.
bitterly waiting in my time locked cell,
I saw the dreams of summer past,
savored the wild tasting pleasures
of the unknown time-held secrets.

The snows fell, numbing my senses
the frozen death of waiting, not moving,
took over.

Roughly came the spring rains,
wet and cold
icily splashing the brown earth,
loosening the frozen snow.
Gray and slippery, the world was painted browns and rain,
everywhere bare hints of scrubby green.
Gently the rains stopped,
the earth was washed clean.
Wet sparkling, in a crystal dewdrop moment
came yellows and warmth.
The world was fresh for laughing.

I reached out in the sunlit days
and discovered in the purple nights
sweet smelling walks in the dark inky black,
and how silent the world is
floating down the watercolored streets
in violet washes.

And then how suddenly the world on edge,
the forgotten memory, a dream loved and cherished
the world opened.
Overhead the wide sky the sun broadly laughing.
I ran down, around and up the hill,
ever on,
for a moment untiring,
The sky never moved.

And I watch as this transparent moment
when the sky stood still,
is swept away,

and I having barely greeted its coming.

Tammi Nyman



To Maintain the Freedom

Perhaps the basic ideal of the lifestyle of Buck's Rock is that of freedom. For freedom at Buck's Rock to be real, no one segment of the camp can bear the burden that the unrestrained actions of the rest of the camp result in; everyone ought to be free to the same degree.

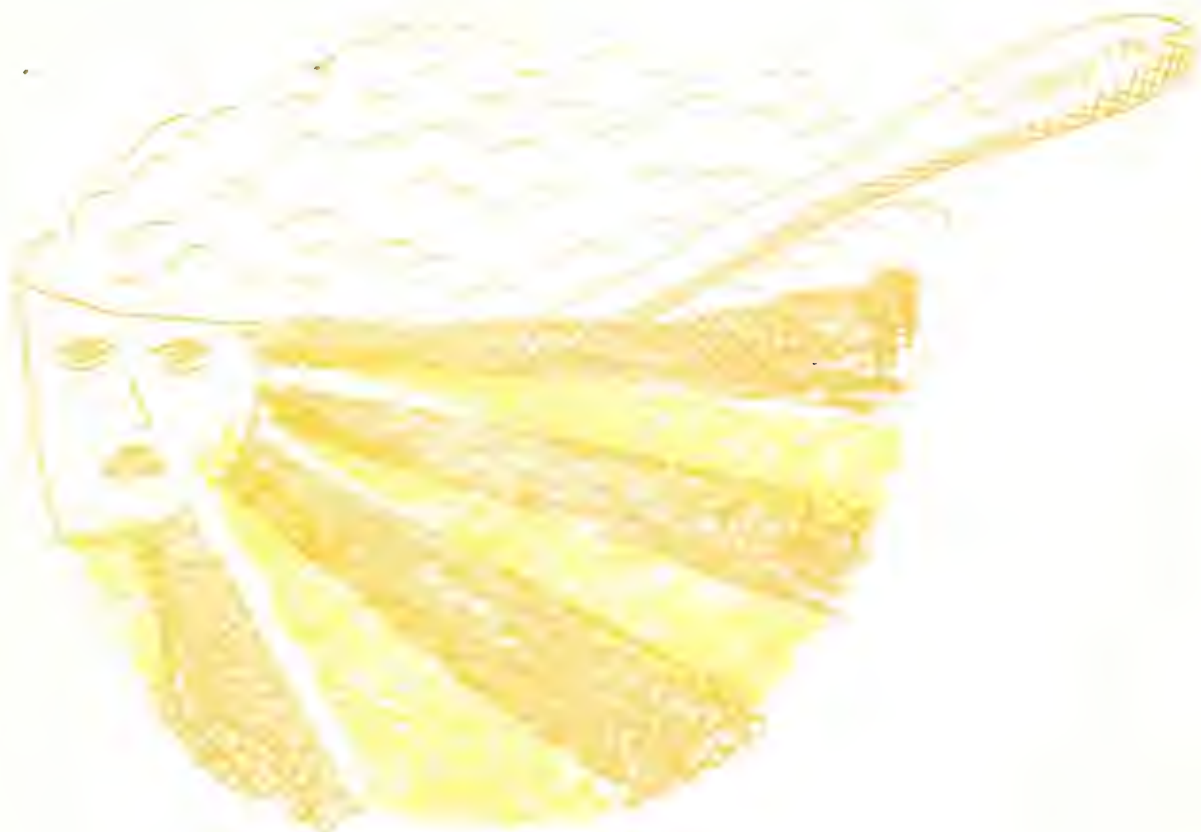
Because there is a wide variety of people at Buck's Rock, it is difficult to know how much restraint each of us should exercise to maintain the freedom of the community. We are many different groups with different backgrounds, objectives, and responsibilities. Some groups are easy to distinguish: the campers, CIT's, junior counselors, and counselors. But these are just the roughest of our many divisions. Within these segments there are other groups -- some of us spend most of

our time at the stage, some in town, some in Fabric Design, some on the lawn. We have different goals and wishes that can't help interfering with each other.

Fortunately, even the people with the least in common are close enough to discuss their problems. Not everyone is guilty of bringing too much clothing to camp and cluttering the bunks. We don't all hitchhike to town. For the guiltless, Ernst's talks before movies can be a nuisance. It is a nuisance to CIT's that their camper friends must be put to bed at the gong. If an abuse of freedom by one segment infringes on the freedom of another, or if the shirking of responsibility by one group threatens the very existence of the community, discussion is always an available step to resolve the difference. Nevertheless, it is to be expected that our different groups will interfere with each other.

Most probably, we interfere because we are not used to taking into account all the possible consequences of our actions for others. For ten months, we do not have to be so carefully conscious of our effect on others; there are so many external restraints that self-restraint is nearly unnecessary. Accustomed as we are to thinking that what we are allowed to do is always harmless, it is difficult to think and to restrain ourselves continually. But this is the way that we, as a community, can be most unrestrained.

Jon Victor



Moment

In the morning
when the world is wrapped
around a single ray of sun
I rise.

A stream of sunshine flows by my door
I ask the breeze in for breakfast,
we have toast together.

A teaspoon of warmth enters my kitchen
I sprinkle it on my eggs
the morning flows by
carrying my thoughts downstream.

Richard Carlin

Freedom Forum

Jack O'Dell, associate managing editor of Freedomways, "a quarterly review of the freedom movement," spoke at Buck's Rock on August 7. In his talk, he covered the problems of the blacks in America, and attacked the Nixon-Agnew administration. He showed a flare and ease in his speaking manner, relating the problems of the blacks to the war in Indochina. He climaxed his talk by stating that students (obviously referring to us) were responsible for carrying out the already-begun revolution, a statement which was greeted by a short ovation.

Mr. O'Dell referred to the Nixon-Agnew administration's decision to integrate certain southern schools, explaining how Nixon then contradicted himself by nominating Harold Carswell and Clement Haynesworth, two alleged southern racists, to the vacant seat on the Supreme Court bench.

He seemed to favor some of the tactics of the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Although he never mentioned Dr. King's name, upon reading an article of his, "The Contours of the Black Revolution in the 1970's," I learned that he had a great respect for Dr. King; in fact, he used one of his quotes to introduce the article.

Mr. O'Dell concentrated on the problems of the black people at the outset of his talk, but towards the end shifted to the problems of the students and workers, and the problems of the whole country. He frequently referred to the Nixon-Agnew administration as the Nixon-Agnew-Thurmond administration, calling Thurmond "the White House Man down south." When it came to the discussion round, some people asked Mr. O'Dell what he meant when he said

that the Nixon-Agnew administration wasn't sincere about helping the black cause down South. He replied that Nixon had used integration of the schools as a front to get the liberal and black vote.

The question, "What can one man do to help the cause he's fighting for?" triggered much discussion. Mr. O'Dell, at a loss for a few seconds, tossed the question back to the group: "Can anybody from the audience answer that question?" This got many people, myself included, into the discussion. I said that the most that one man can do is to organize other people. He agreed. We then discussed the conflict between construction workers and students. I stated the construction workers' position in America, and, while not condoning what they did, understood it. To my surprise, Mr. O'Dell agreed with this also.

Since my remarks were Marxist in nature, I began to wonder if Mr. O'Dell shared some of the beliefs of Black Marxists. David Ost stated that the construction workers and the students would have to get together to overthrow the ruling class. Mr. O'Dell agreed with that also. Suzanne Kirschner said that what the people should do right now is boycott the industries that keep the war going. Mr. O'Dell agreed with that and took it one step further. He said that this country was based upon the system of capitalism, and that the only way to stop these industries from producing products that keep the war machine going, is to have a total boycott and organize other people to boycott.

After about another half hour of questions and comments, Mr. O'Dell and the audience were informed that the time was up and Mr. O'Dell was asked to make his concluding comments. Everybody wanted to keep the discussion going, but we had already gone over the

time limit. At the close of the forum, about twenty kids came up to ask questions that they had not been able to ask before. A lot of people stuck around, involving themselves in their own political seminars. It was one of the most enjoyable evenings I spent at Buck's Rock. Jack O'Dell stayed overnight at camp. He said goodbye to Buck's Rock the following morning by strongly ringing the work gong four times.

Ivan Solotoff



We're Trapped

Freedom is an easy word to say, but it is not so easy to explain, and it is virtually impossible to totally obtain. There are several types of freedom, but the ultimate freedom is beyond our reach.

The Jews were slaves in Egypt quite a while ago; then along came Moses and they were freed. The blacks were slaves in America; then came the Civil War, and they too were free. America used to belong to England; then came the Revolutionary War, and she became the almighty U.S.A. Women used to be considered merely bedmates and house keepers; then the women marchers came along, and women became people.

Now the Jews are no longer slaves, but they are fighting a war for their own land, and are still persecuted in many places. The blacks too are no longer slaves, but they are still having tremendous problems everywhere. America is definitely her own master, but the country is not in the best of shape, and it doesn't look like things are going to improve. All these people are free, and yet they're not.

Another cage: we are trapped by the customs of our society. There are so many things we must do because they must be done. They are our obligations, don't ask questions, just do them. You must play gym because everyone else has to. That goes there because it's always been put there. There is no room for thinking anymore. You must follow the written and the unwritten codes right over the cliff.

This whole society is tremendously lazy. We never do things for ourselves anymore; we buy everything. Many people have their own garden, but no one is dependent on what they grow for survival. We watch television for enjoyment, smoke grass for peace, drpp acid for expansion; we wash clothes in the washing machine, dishes in the dishwasher; buy everything pre-cut or ready-made; we never do anything for ourselves!

O.K. Assume that a hundred of us bought some land, moved out to the country, built and grew everything ourselves, washed everything by hand, never touched any dope, were completely independent. We'd be free, right? Free of all those things that entrap us except one: our emotions. We can be free of everything, but let us fall in love, get insulted, get homesick, and we are slaves of the ultimate ruler. Nothing we can do will free us.

All the articles on freedom in this book, all the people worrying about freedom, all of this is futile. If we could free ourselves of our emotions, none of the rest would matter, but we never can. And still everyone keeps trying.

Meredith Lesly

in light
under pieces of sky
i can look around
(so many songs i have written for you)
in late days of soft and sweaty pain
 magic has gone
 swung you around
 slapped you in the face
left you with a shell that doesn't sound-

visions of love and death
 tremble and remain
memories come back only in solids(blocks)
never in the first flow that they came bathed in
 your eyes are empty
 (your face has lost a friend)
you continue to die-
"what indeed is finally beautiful except love and death?"
...then you must be beautiful
for your face is
 shaded and shadowed in both-

all the music that ever played in you
plays but doesn't answer
leans slowly
topples over
you bend too much to catch it
and they keep you
they keep you without morning birds
no direction, father; sun.

ronnie rom

Folk-Blues Pulse

An oak's shadow for the plumage of his battered crown, a great king sways joyously on his flimsy deadwood throne. Though thoroughly aged and toothless, he is nevertheless awesome. An astonished horde of youthful onlookers consumes the magic harmonies wrought from his 12-stringed scepter. The atmosphere, reeking of laughter and handshaking, is like a fire, kindled by the ease and rhythmic clicking of curious cameras. He is blind yet he sees all and, yes, somewhat bent yet energetic and handsome. Listen to the folk-blues pulse backed by the braving of hunger, poverty, mistreatment and blindness, the long days of fear, loneliness and begging on Harlem streets. Considering his background, you might expect a bitter, cynical man but instead you find a warm, honest and modest musical genius. His voice moans over nimble fingers, harping quickly and beautifully. He is the writer of some of the greatest blues songs, the teacher of great blues guitarists. He is Reverend Gary Davis.

Bob Flataw



Problems in a Free System

What is freedom at Buck's Rock? At this camp you seldom are pressured to do anything that you don't want to do. Buck's Rock has many shops and much equipment that serve the desires of many people, but anyone can spend as much time or as little time as he wishes in any area of camp. There are no "required" activities and there are no iron-clad schedules. The camp assumes that the kids know what they want to do. In most educational systems, the administration tells the student what courses and activities he will attend. At Buck's Rock it is the other way around.

An integral part of the freedom that exists here comes from trust. Buck's Rock tries to run on the principle of mutual trust, believing that if the camper is trusted he will trust the camp and will not hurt it. The camp prefers not to be forced to "check up" to see if its few rules are being disobeyed.

Buck's Rock, of course, does not work perfectly. There are people who take advantage of the increased freedom and trust. And because the camp trusts its campers, it is sometimes harder to take action against those who break its rules. The restrictions, most of which are quite necessary to the survival of the camp, are clearly spelled out at the beginning of the summer, and the campers are constantly reminded of them. A few of the rules are: 1) No hitchhiking into town 2) No one can either possess or use marijuana or any other illegal drug and 3) You must go to bed when the gong sounds at night. The first two rules are necessary to comply with either state or federal laws. The other rule is somewhat necessary to protect the health of the campers.

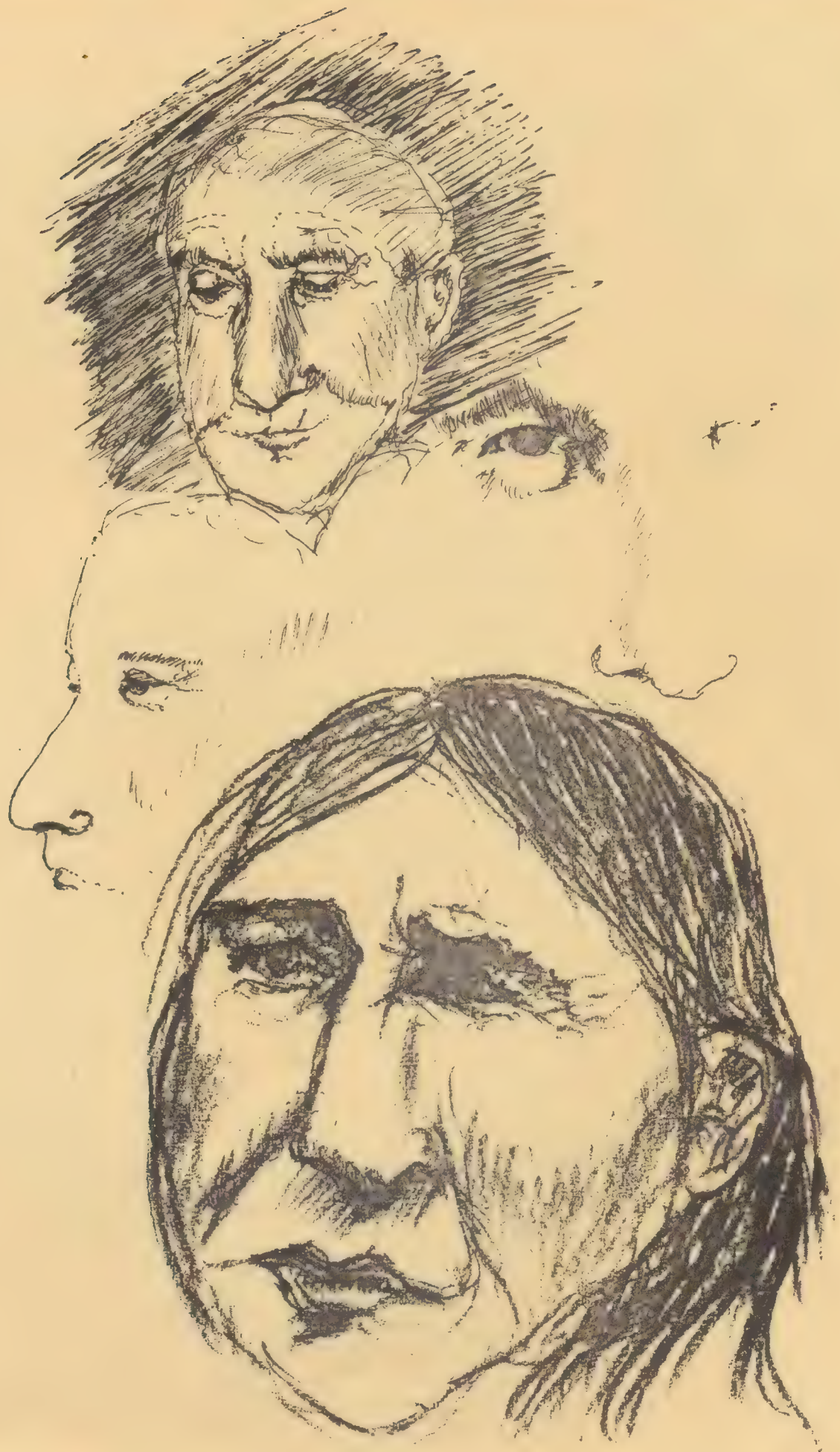
It is rumored that a few people have been using drugs despite Dr. Bulova's repeated warnings that he will send home anyone who does. Since Dr. Bulova says that he can't have spies around everywhere searching for drugs, he isn't in a very good position to stop their use (or the rumors of their use) without harming the free system that the camp has. He has warned, though, that if the police were to find drugs here, it could mean the closing of the camp. Trouble of another kind is caused by campers who disobey the rule against hitchhiking. Kids are allowed to walk into town, but some abuse this privilege by hitching rides. If the local police

enforce the laws prohibiting hitchhiking, or if just one camper is picked up by an irresponsible driver, the camp might also be in danger of closing. Here again, Dr. Bulova is in a dilemma. He is in no position to enforce the rule without removing the freedom to go into town.

Similar situations prevail in the United States. Here, too, there are people who take advantage of our freedoms. Some of the biggest offenders are members of organized crime syndicates who take advantage of our Bill of Rights. For example, the Mafia has been known to force its members to plead the Fifth Amendment, and thus has hindered law enforcement officials from fighting crime and corruption. This makes it tougher for police to crack down on these big gangsters. If corruption grows to an intolerable level, many people might want to scrap some of our basic rights just to stop corruption. Thus, a small number of people who abuse their rights, threaten the freedoms of all.

This shows one of the basic problems in a free system. There are always certain people who won't take the responsibility of the extra freedom they have, and who will take advantage of that freedom. And since the system has faith in its people, it is easier for these people to get away with their "crimes." Although most people either accept or can be taught to accept the responsibility of increased freedom, there are always people who will take advantage of it.

Peter Blau



Insensitive Sensitivity

Adolescents are frequently characterized as "aware" and "sensitive." These terms are thought to be complementary because they imply open-mindedness. But whether these characteristics are virtues or vices is questionable.

Several days ago I went with a group of dancers to perform at another camp. We were told that we would have a young and unsophisticated audience, and a small stage. The program was planned accordingly: we were to do several improvisations and several of the lighter dances. We were also told that the atmosphere of the camp was very different from that of Buck's Rock since the emphasis was on competitive sports.

As the bus pulled up we were struck by the appearance of the camp. There were endless tennis-courts, and the red and white buildings seemed out of place in the scenery. Some Buck's Rockers were stunned by the appearance of the camp, others joked about it. We got off the bus and a few of us were immediately recognized and greeted by several kids from the other camp. Both groups smiled and seemed pleasantly surprised. However, as soon as we left them to find their stage and prepare ourselves for the performance, the Buck's Rockers who were recognized became embarrassed, and made light of their friendship with the other campers.

The other campers didn't look very different from us. They had the same regional accents, they wore similar clothing, and I imagine they reacted to us in the same way that we reacted to them.

We went backstage and got into our costumes. The

audience was made up largely of the younger campers: boys on one side, girls on the other. Each half began singing taunting songs about the other until someone led them all in a song with accumulative verses. Finally we were ready. We explained the improvisations and did them. They clapped loudly, and too long, and were enthusiastic. We then started the choreographed dances. The audience often applauded in the wrong places, and talked and laughed throughout the performance. They weren't being purposely rude; rather, they didn't know when the proper time to clap was, and they were just enjoying themselves.

Much of the improvising was poorly done; only several of the dances went well. Afterwards many of the girls wanted to leave immediately, saying that they "couldn't stand it anymore." On the way back, in the bus, opinions of the camp were generally negative. Everyone agreed that we should have worked harder at the performance, but many gave the wrong reasons.

Working hard and being "a good example" of culture is condescending. We should have worked hard only because it was our job, not because we were acting as missionaries of the arts. We enjoy the arts. They enjoy sports. As we would dislike going to their camp and being strictly regimented, so they would be lost at Buck's Rock. It may also have frightened some to see a successful camp with a philosophy so different from the one to which we are accustomed.

This type of "sensitivity" which we showed is much more provincial than open-mindedness. For us to feel pity upon viewing a different lifestyle is snobbish. Debating which type of camp is better is useless; learning to be more tolerant and less "sensitive" is far more important.

Sara Binder

In the morn of night
In the night of morn,
when everything
Is strawberry(blueberry) corn,
I shall stand
By your footsteps
and cry in ecstasy
Of the happiness I feel.

In the blue's sky
In the sky's blue,
when everything
Is young(funny) new,
I shall sit
By your hands
and sing in memory
Of the happiness I feel.

In the early of late
In the late of early,
when everything
Is light(white) pearly,
I shall pass
By your face
and speak in wonder
Of the happiness I felt.

carol anne seidelma

Open Days to Fill

We have come into this summer as individuals -- each with his own ideas and interests, each from his own winter. We come alone to Buck's Rock. Many of the problems that must be faced here we must face alone. It is here that we learn to discover things about ourselves, learn to be free inside in order to cope with surrounding pressures.

The pressures and restrictions during the year -- from school, parents, government, and society -- are confusing, for they come from all directions to hem us in. Of course, there are restrictions at Buck's Rock, but these are easier to work with because the need for them and the purposes they serve are more clearly understood. Basically, Buck's Rock is an open place with open days to fill. When something does not go right in one area, there are other people and places to go to.

The quality of life has been changing quickly. As society becomes more and more dehumanized, electrified, and computerized, it becomes increasingly difficult to be individual and active. Constant bombardment with propaganda makes us quietly slip into shells where we aren't required to respond, we just remain passive. At Buck's Rock there is the opportunity to detach ourselves from many of these dehumanizing influences and actively to grow.

Beginning to believe in yourself is an important part of all this growing -- some people can do it at Buck's Rock, others can't. Some find it difficult, even painful to switch to a self-motivated life after months of constant external pressures. There are times when this mixture of feelings becomes overwhelming, but learning from is part of growing, part of becoming a free individual who can live and work in a community of individuals.

Ronnie Rom



Chicken Hearts, Cabooses, and Artificial Snow

Paul Bookbinder ("Bookie") has been at Buck's Rock for eight years.

"I started out as a camper in the upstairs Boys' House," he says. "Then I went on to the Pre-Fabs, which are now called Boys' Cabins." After that, he became a C.I.T. in the Sculpture Shop, and then a J.C. in the Print Shop. "Then," he stated, "my first year as a counselor of the Print Shop, I took it over, and this is my fourth year running it. Now I'm a major counselor because I eat my greens every day."

Bookie likes Buck's Rock. He thinks it is good that a person can do whatever he wants, whenever he wants. It's important that kids find out what freedom is, he says. He likes the idea of a kid finding the area he wants to work in. "But I'd like to give some advice to Ernst. 'Give me the camp.' Then I'd throw everyone else out and keep it for myself and use it for sleigh-riding year-round. I'd have an artificial snow-maker."

During the year Bookie had been going to college "with no apparent goal." He's been at college for six semesters, and has had seven different majors. "I'm the most sane person in the world. Nothing is impossible to my sane mind. Everyone else is insane." He has just transferred to the City College of New York, where he will be majoring in industrial arts education. Eventually, he hopes, he will teach printing.

He then spoke about his trains. "Well, when I was a kid ... there are three brothers in my family ... my father bought us trains ... for a long time we had lost interest in them. This year, my oldest brother, Michael, and I decided to build a new table, and after getting involved with some of the people who collect trains, we decided to start collecting. Trains become like stamps and coins, where certain ones are worth quite a lot of money, so we advertise in quite a few papers around New York, asking people for their trains. We take their trains, rebuild them, refinish them, and sell them for a profit. My phone number is HU7-7812. I had a printing business at home which I recently stopped to go into this train business. I buy and sell Lionel trains. You can call me and my brother at RE9-1147, OL7-2224, TA4-7190, HU7-7823, and HU7-6406.

"Once, I tried to become a wizard," he continues, "but I couldn't kill chickens and pull out their hearts. Also, I'm afraid of the dark and vampires."

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room to do everything we want to." They're doing linoleum cutting now, and are also building a proof press to print very big linoleum blocks for things like posters. "The staff is really good this year." He's glad that the Publications Shop and the Print Shop are still getting along very well. He thought that Publications would be jealous because of the new Print Shop, but is happy that they work well together on Weeders' and Yearbook. "Printing doesn't get boring, just tiring, so I play some tapes," he says.

"I won't do anything that's not fun. If it's not fun, I'll make it fun. That's profound.
HU7-7812."

Andrew Bursten



lithograph by Rochelle Edelson

SAVAGE

Walking up the hill, breathing hard. Trudging. When will we get there? I push a branch out of my way and stumble on a rock hidden by leaves on the forest floor. The sun plays between the leaves of the trees, but I have no time to stop and look, to appreciate. Where are my thoughts? I left them behind with everything I wanted to run from. "Stop," I cry, "let's rest." To no avail. He trudges upward, forward. "Please stop," "All right," he reluctantly agrees. I feel guilty. He reads the hurt in my eyes but offers no comfort. I could hate him, but he must lead me away. I push myself up, cracking a twig beneath my foot. He rises, slowly, haltingly. "Will we ever get there?" I ask. No answer. His pace quickens. Silently, mindlessly, I follow his steps. Gradually the forest darkens. I want to stop. He turns suddenly and glares at me. "I told you we have to be there before dark. It's dark already!" I turn to run back but he grabs my arm. Now I feel hatred. I feel like taking him by his long, golden hair and slamming his head against a tree but I must follow him. He leads me to level ground surrounded by bushes and trees and commands me to sleep in one corner. He sleeps a few feet away.

Morning comes, biting cold. We rise, I gather berries. He wants to continue. I am reluctant; sleep was a welcome release. His boot in my back is incentive to start on, my tears are a signal for him to stop. We walk on in silence. What am I running from? Where am I going? I want to go back. He shows me a fist. I see the madness in his eyes. I am frightened. Time passes, up slopes and down. I offer no resistance. Once again it is time to sleep. Shove me down, yes, savage. Now I see what you are. I am silent. As he sleeps, I walk back, away from him, free.

Kathy Moss

we saw the world and danced in the sunshine:
she with her snake eyes flickering golden,
her firespun hair free in the air,
i with my pupils absorbing my being,
my madblown hair away in the wind.
we screamed in bright colors
and sang in jubilation.
oh life ! oh love! the world spinning madly
and we with it.
we saw the world!

Meredith Lesly

To Deb

Flowers swelled in twilight bursts of confidence
Not needing, any longer, food of ancient rains or patient dew
Hours met and didn't break so achingly in two
Hot pouring rays cooled and compromised to dense
and swirling clouded blue -

When I came back to you.

Jon Greenblatt



Cascade

In the night, in the dark, in the damp and clinging shadow
As the heat of sunbaked hours rose up from the swirled and broken sand
A tongue of timid ocean that had waited for this moment
Alone
Unwatched
And timeless in its stillness
To climb into a coastal current
Lift its wasted power o'er its mane of white and brilliant foam
Did -- in the night, in the wicked, watching shadow -
And crashed down in a freezing spray upon the naked land.

Jon Greenblatt



rebecca ruth pressman presents a trip

do you realize i have used only three q's this summer counting this one?

do you realize that by adding quotation marks and apostrophes to verbal comments you can turn life into a story, unreality then becomes real then what if life is just a story by a man on another star who is secretly writing a sequel to gone with the wind.

after our mutual
and fearsome apologies
if
a slight trace of hurt remains
let it stay
i
want it to stay
to remember me by
hurt lives longest

if
you think after this life
maybe tomorrow
there will be unended bliss
forget it
live for your yesterdays
tomorrow isnt worth it

through her mind in story and song
(also in some kind of verse)

literary pollution three
do you realize the more printed material released
the more warped minds can distort

literary pollution too
do you realize that most printed material is thrown away?
reducing the amount of printed material would cut down the
need for a sanitation department

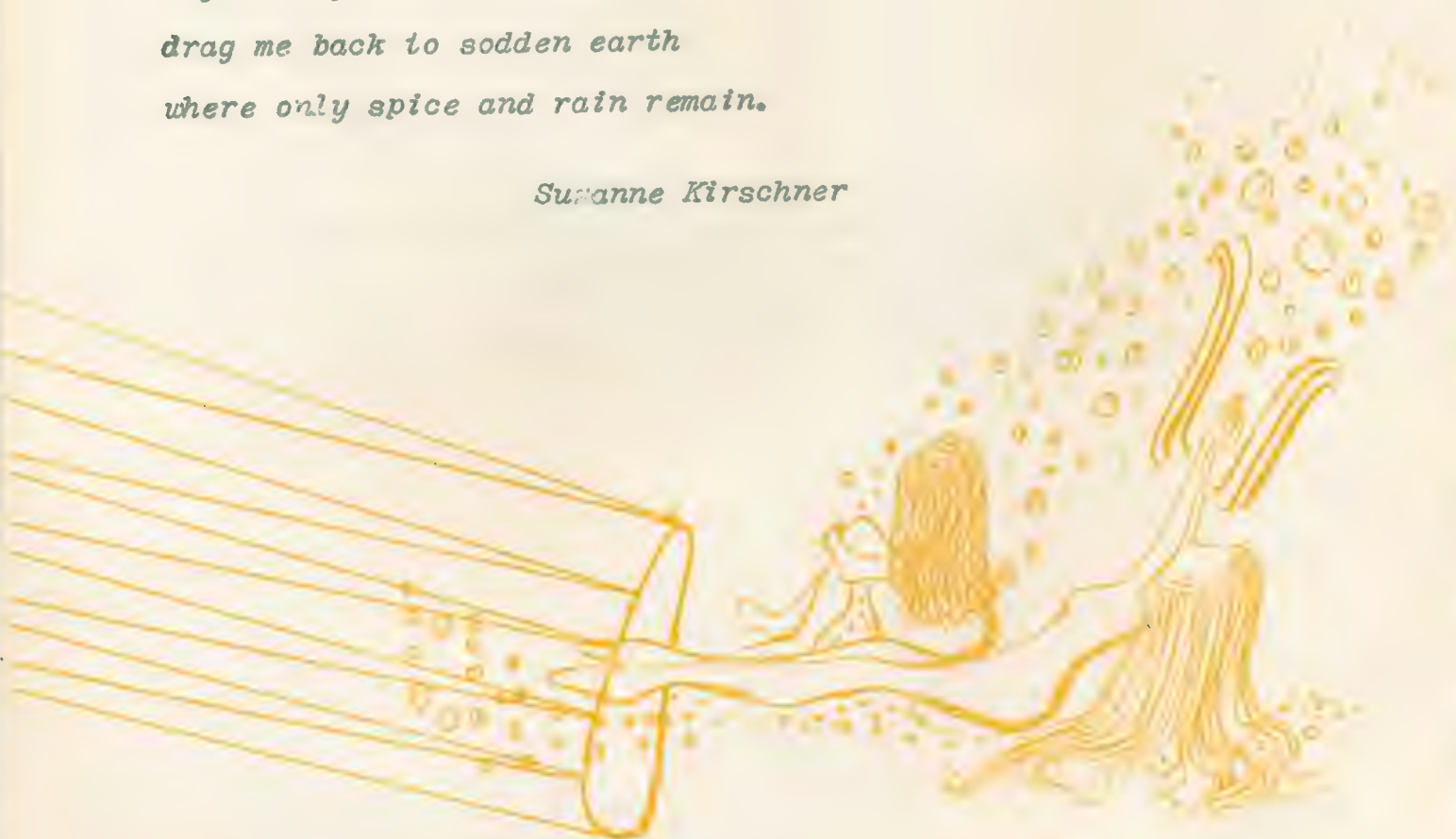
the problem of literary pollution by a biased person.
do you realize that each year thousands of trees die for
our yearbook

In a few years our forests will be devastated. the only way
to prevent this is to cut down on the use of big words. writers
of the future, throw away your dictionaries and thesauruses,
use littler words. this measure could also improve writing.

When i grow old
my biographers will take my childhood problems
and minimize them to nothingness
so that i will not recognize myself
i wish i could be there now
and skip the trouble of getting there

In my most dazzling times
when jewel perfumes cloud my senses
delicate rosepetal bubbles stretch to near bursting
white frost suns dance in pools of air
I dream of your voice
the butter of your presence
your hair and gold hands.
And these tangled webs of vision
tightening around my neck
drag me back to sodden earth
where only spice and rain remain.

Susanne Kirschner



Freedom: Its Pressures

It's one of those lazy days. The 9:30 work gong has just rung and I try to drag myself out of my bunk and into a shop. But this morning I have no urge to work in a shop; I just want to lie down and think. Why then have I, like so many others, felt compelled to work and, above all, to produce?

Freedom to do what we want when we want to, is an ideal goal for most. Yet it is not without its pressures. These are not pressures from outside, as at home and school, but pressures we put on ourselves. They do not lessen the ideal of freedom but intensify it. They do not restrict us, but guide us. Yet, at times, they make freedom harder to cope with because we feel that given all this freedom, we must show everyone that we appreciate and can handle it.

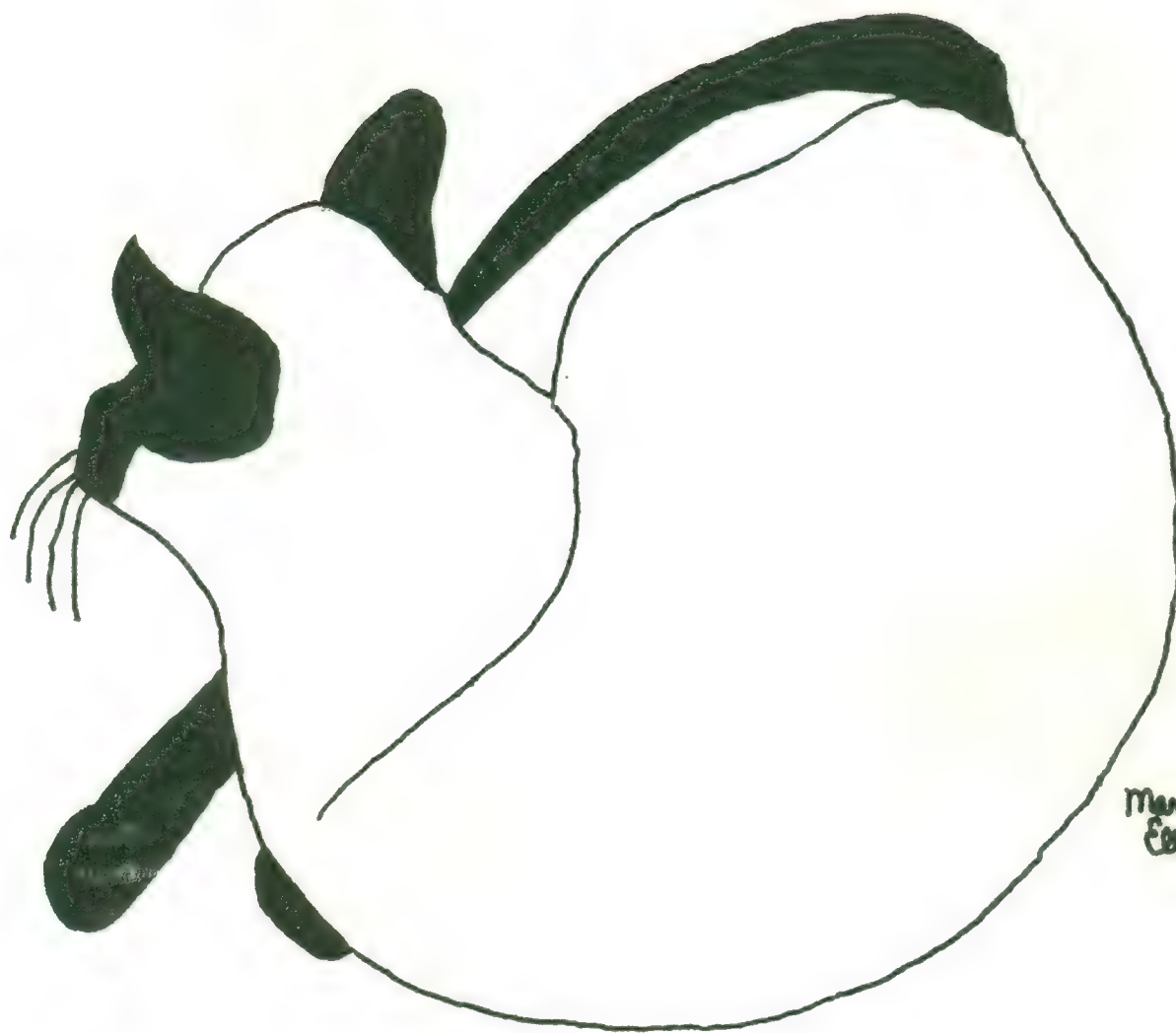
Given the freedom we are given at Buck's Rock, we feel compelled to make use of it. There are many shops with much to do. To show we have made use of our freedom, society has taught us to be productive, to show material things as proof of our accomplishments. Yet, this is a value that has been impressed upon us at home, where the atmosphere is totally different. Ideally, it should not remain in an atmosphere of freedom, such as at Buck's Rock. I am not saying we should not produce, but material things need not always be the final products of a fruitful summer. It should be enough just to open ourselves up to the many new experiences around us and take them

all in.

Buck's Rock, to me, should be more of a growing and discovering experience than a producing one. It should be enough to spend an afternoon experimenting in ceramics, without the need to salvage an ashtray as proof we have done this. To come home as a knowledgeable, enlightened person should be more valuable than any amount of plaster, metal, and clay we could possibly bring home. But, then again, what is productivity? Can a person be productive lying on the lawn thinking? Society says no. Yet growing and discovering at Buck's Rock need not be done solely in the shops. It can also be done on our own, in seeing into ourselves.

The hardest question for me to answer this summer has been, "What have you done?" Looking back on the summer I have not made as many material things as I would have liked. Indeed, I have not made a silkscreen, sculpture, or painted a painting. Yet this has not been an unproductive summer for me. I have learned things about myself, people, and the world that I don't think I could have learned at home. They are a result of the camp, the people, and the atmosphere here. Buck's Rock is a free environment, one that cannot be duplicated at home. I think one should make use of the facilities at Buck's Rock, but one should also make use of the atmosphere here, which is indeed unique.

Lisa Horowitz



Margaret
Edison

Replete with Rhetoric

Friday night. The night of the forum. The night I had been waiting for.

The forum was on the Arab-Israeli dispute. A close friend and I had decided to take the Arab side, and we had spent a lot of time and effort preparing a six-page opening statement. Having had much experience in debates and having always enjoyed them, I approached the forum with fervor, enthusiasm, and confidence.

So at 8:00 P.M. I went up to the social hall porch, where the forum was to be held. My friend and I read our statement, which said that throughout past and present history the Israelis had been seizing land from the Arabs without provocation. Then the other side, which had not prepared a written statement, said, in a few words, that all the Israelis wanted was to get a square deal for their people.

As soon as they finished speaking, I realized that we had made a terrible mistake. Our statement, instead of being constructive, was replete with rhetoric, propaganda, and useless arguments. Then, too late, I recalled that the counselor who had joined our side earlier in the day had said the same thing. He had given this as a reason for refusing to read our statement with us.

Now the audience was invited to direct questions or statements to either side. The first question came from an old friend of mine. She asked the other side for the sources of some of their statements. While I was wondering about the relevance of that question, the other side showed a couple of books. The

next person called on attempted to refute some of the historical interpretations in our statement. Under the impression that the audience had to ask questions, I interrupted this person with, "Could you please phrase this in the form of a question?" The audience, which seemed strongly against us, reacted angrily.

The forum dragged on and on. No sooner had I replied to one person's dogma about how the Arabs were constantly provoking war, then another person would ask for a constructive solution to the problem. This made my propaganda look even more ridiculous.

Near the end of the debate, I gave my opinion of a constructive statement and sprinkled it with phrases such as "enforced by the UN," "agreement between leaders," and the like. Someone in the audience then said, "It is really the leaders of both sides that are holding back peace. As soon as the people of the Middle East realize that their enemies are their own leaders, and not each other, then peace shall be achieved." This was the echo of what I had been thinking all along: Putting honesty above pride, I admitted that what I had said before was wrong. This made me look like a complete fool in everyone else's eyes, though.

When the debate ended, I felt rather disappointed at my poor showing. But underneath the gloom, I felt a determination to try debating again and a conviction that next time I would do better. And I knew that I had learned a lot from this experience.

Peter Winston

did you ever feel
like you were dead
maybe you are
and
this is your
punishment.

Becky Pressman

In The Morning

What makes the sun rise, in the morning?
Everyone is sleeping, the grass is still yawning.
What makes him get up, when he could stay in bed?
Why doesn't he pull the sheets over his head?
In the morning, what makes him rise?

Richard Carlin





The Crayola Mentality

What a state of mind is green!

You know where:

when you were

green there.

[Note: here follows a long descriptive
passage which has been deleted for the
purpose of brevity.

-the Author]

And green you

probably

were;

for all of us

sometimes

are.

[Green, that is.]

Stuart Marcus

Got My Dissatisfaction

In West Hempstead, where I live, life is considerably restricted and almost always drab. All there is to do on any given weekday is watch television or do homework. There are a few stores, but who wants to go shopping every day. As a matter of fact, until you reach the age of seventeen and can obtain a driver's license, living in West Hempstead can be state and colorless.

What probably limits freedom at home most, even more than parents or the lack of transportation, is school. I am in all honors classes, although I am just a little better than an average student. For this reason, I must work especially hard at keeping the honors status. Since every teacher thinks his subject is the most important and since honors teachers give homework daily, I do on the average of two to four hours of homework a night. This restricts me greatly and leaves me with practically no time for myself.

Homework and the way it is imposed are what most kids resent. Kids have no choice. Each teacher gives a lot of homework and expects it to be done because "we can't cover everything in class." This, for most subjects, is untrue, because the curriculum is usually totally irrelevant to life today.

It's not that kids don't want to work; it's just that they don't want to be forced. Buck's Rock is proof enough that kids are willing to work. Older people accuse the younger generation of not wanting to do any hard physical labor, but there are lots of kids who, once they got to Buck's Rock, could not wait to get to work on the animal and vegetable farms. The same goes for other things. Kids like myself, who normally hate to write essays for homework, got to camp and suddenly started writing articles for publication.

I always do the best I can, even when in school. I might not enjoy what I'm doing, but I do it. The same holds true for my work at Buck's Rock. The main difference is that at Buck's Rock I work to please no one but myself. In school I may work on a report two hours a day, including weekends, for four weeks. What is it all for? To please a teacher. At camp, things are different. For instance, I have worked on this article for six hours already. And why? To please me.

This is what makes Buck's Rock so different. I can now go back home and be dissatisfied with my life. I know now that there is more for me to do in West Hempstead than just homework and watching TV. I can practice guitar, write poetry, read plays, and act a little. More important than that, however, is the fact that I have learned there is someone whom it is more important to please than any teacher; it's me.

Peter Swarth



Jackson State Tragedy

I taped this interview earlier in the summer for broadcasting on my WBBC radio show. It is about the criminal death of two young men and, by extension, about the slow death of freedom in our country. It is an interview with three students from Jackson State College in Mississippi who, during the summer, work in our kitchen. They are James Hopkins and Anthony Watts, juniors, and Dan McLaurin, a sophomore at the college. All three were on the Jackson State campus before, during and after the shooting.

Question: Why were police on the campus in the first place?

Response: The reason the police were called on our campus in the beginning was that there had been some disturbances by some students that had been kicked off by a number of demonstrations over Vietnam and the Cambodian invasion.

Question: Was there really sniper fire from the dorms or is that a cover-up by the police? (A Jackson Grand Jury found the police justified in shooting and supported the police allegation that there had been sniper fire from the dormitories.)

Response: No, there's no way those killings could've been justified. The windows of Alexander Hall (where the shooting occurred) are so made that no sniper could shoot out of the windows without smashing the glass with the bullets.

Question: Why, when, and at whom did the police fire?

Response: That night, one bottle was thrown to the ground and then, without any warning, the cops fired. This was about eleven o'clock and, man, they shot at everybody. Up and down the streets and the buildings.

Question: Where were you when the shooting occurred?

Response: Personally, I was standing directly into the crowd and sort of near the front. Which is kind of amazing I wasn't hurt.

Question: What was your immediate reaction?

Response: Like they say in the army, you just hit the ground and crawl for your life. I crawled close to the

building and I buried my head in my hands. After hearing so many rounds of fire I couldn't believe it. I thought they were shooting blanks. I couldn't think that one group of human people would shoot at another.

Question: Was it self-defense?

Response: Not at all. Not only did they just shoot at Alexander Hall but also across the street and up and down the street. The younger man that died, (James Earl Green, 18), was on the opposite side of the street.

Question: Are you still bitter?

Response: I can not make myself forget it. This kind of thing will stay with you for a long time. It kind of makes you want to live your life in a way that you can defend your people.

Question: Is the climate at Jackson still tense?

Response: It would never be forgotten. Many of the students are saying that when they come back in the fall they will bring firearms and ammunition.

Question: Do you see a comparison, a tie-in between Kent State and Jackson State?

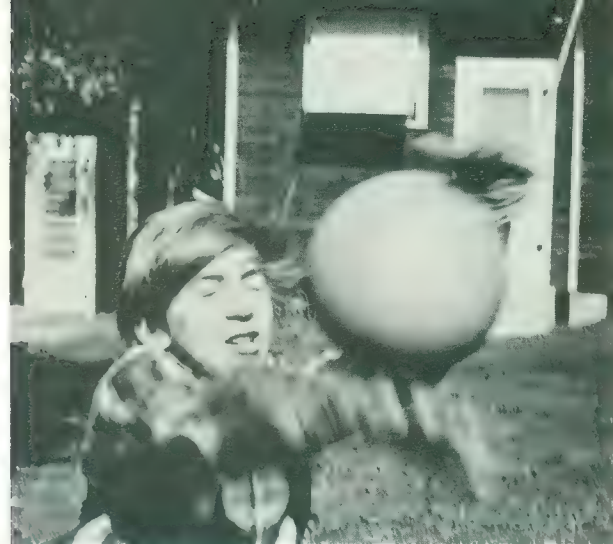
Response: I definitely see a tie-in because they were all students at public colleges. I don't think it is a purely racial thing.

Question: Are you angry over the fact that the Kent State killings got more play in the media?

Response: No, not really.

Response 2: The Jackson papers really screwed it up. They had an article about a cop-killing in Mass. and the Jackson story was stuck somewhere in the back.

David Bronston



MITCHELL SCHEAR





MICHAEL LICHTER

DAVID MINER

FRANK DALGAN





DAVID WEISS



DONALD WALL



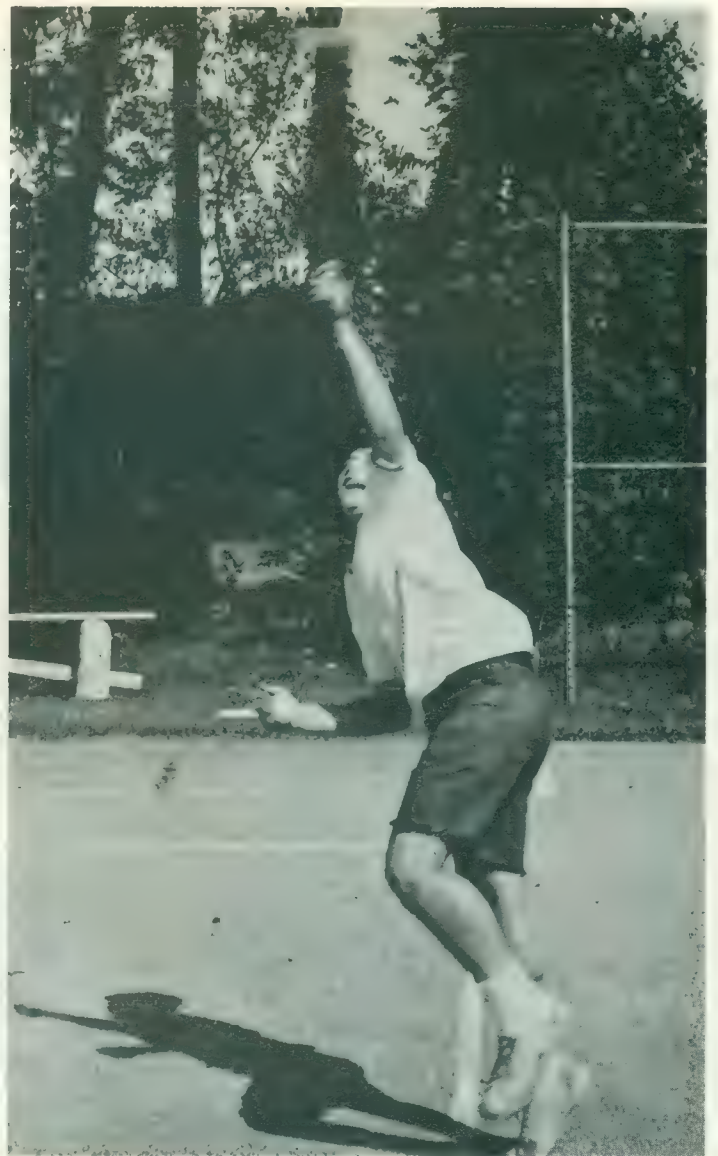


MICHAEL LICHTER

DAVID MINER

DAVID WEISS

DAVID MINER



,GAN

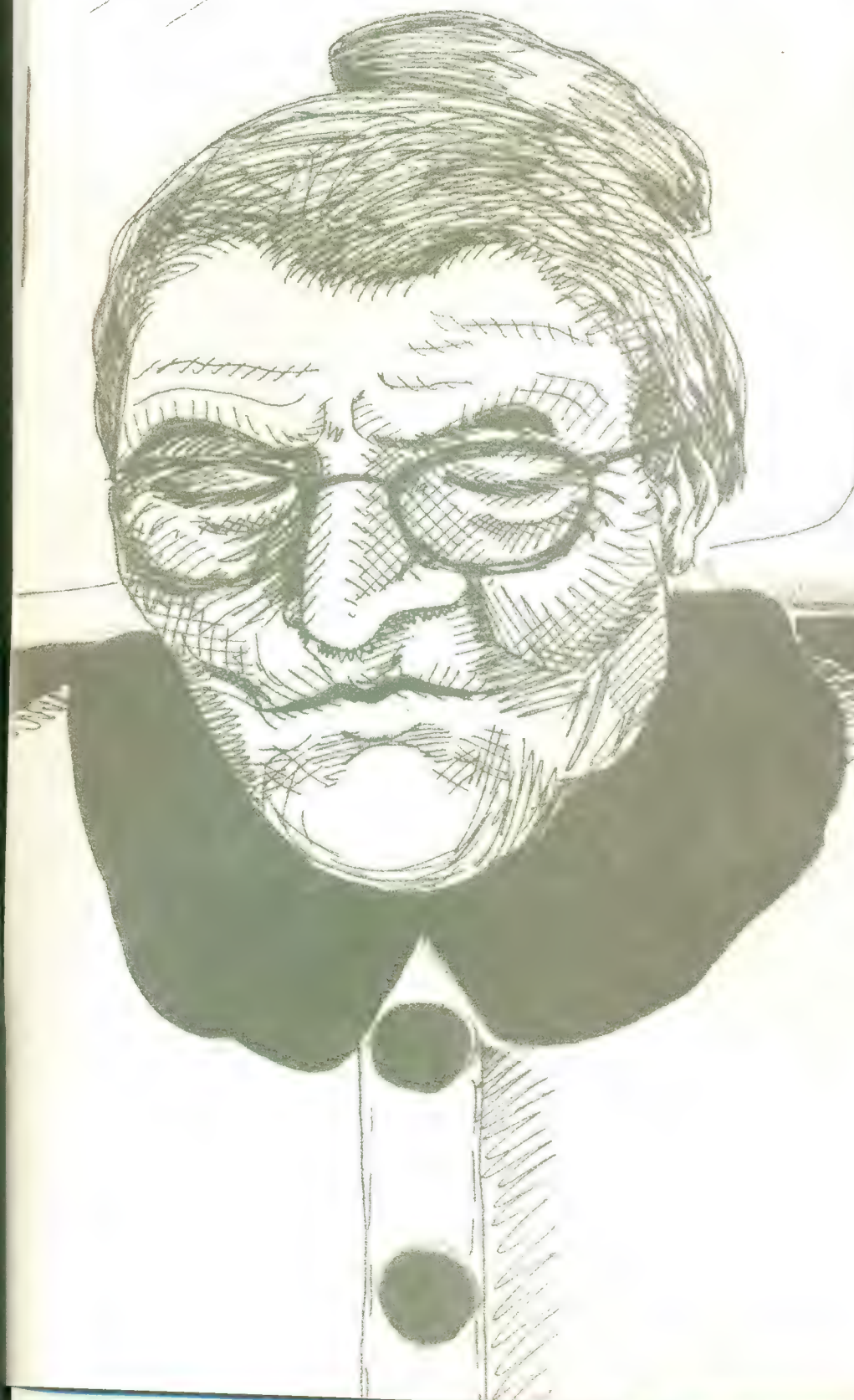


SHOP PHOTO



A dream of mine has always been
to sit on the beach, by a huge bonfire,
To watch as the night's soft wind
carries the flying sparks higher and higher.
They'd mix with the stars, they'd light the beach
They would dance overhead, just beyond my reach
And as the tide flowed gently in
my feet would be drenched in the salty sea
Then flowing back again
it would leave small shells and sand on me.
When my throat was dry I could reach for a beer
When the night grew cold I could hold someone near
I could write, I could sing when the spirit said sing
I'd delight in the treasures the night would bring
And when that loving time was gone
when the wind blew on the day
I'd look above to the brilliant dawn
and be blown, with the dark, away.

Jon Greenblatt



BRY/KK-7

Faded Silk

As the girl stepped onto the train, her arms loaded with boxes and packages, she thought about the ride ahead. Her eyes scanned the car, looking for a seat.

She sat down next to a small, elderly woman, who was leaning against the window, sleeping. After a few minutes, the girl stood up and put her packages on the rack over the seat. It had been a seemingly endless day of shopping in the city, and being able to sit down was a good feeling. The girl was tired, and wanted to get home.

Her thoughts were interrupted when the conductor came around to collect the tickets. He saw the old woman asleep and walked on.

Rapidly, the train moved out of the darkness of Grand Central. As soon as the girl saw the late afternoon sun shining in, she looked over at the window, but her view was blocked by the woman's body, moving up and down with the train.

The girl was deep in thought, and at first didn't feel the woman tap her shoulder. When she turned toward the window, the woman smiled at her.

"Did the conductor come around for

the tickets yet?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Oh." The woman opened her black leather purse, worn by years of use, and took out a ticket, which she neatly placed on her lap. The girl watched her carefully. She reminded her of her grandmother, small and heavy, with wrinkled hands and deep creases surrounding her eyes. Thinning, wiry, silver hair was pulled tightly into a little knot at the back of her head. The girl noticed her face was tired looking. Under her brownish eyes lay puffy circles. Her lips were thin, and sharply outlined in dark, red lipstick. Her nose, powdered neatly, was shining through the makeup. Bright, pink rouge rested on her cheeks, next to pale, white skin. The glasses she wore were rimmed in tortoise shell, and the dentures in her mouth were slightly yellow. The faded brown wool coat she wore came well below her knees, and black sheer stockings, with seams in the back, covered her legs. How old they must be, the girl thought to herself. The woman was wearing black high heeled shoes.

On the whole, she reminded the girl of a plumper version of Whistler's mother, only she was sitting on a train, was dressed stylishly, and had a larger nose. She just sat there, so calm and compact, her hands folded in her lap, holding her pocketbook tightly.

"Did you have a nice day?" One could hear the faint trace of a European accent in the woman's voice. Probably, like her grandmother, this woman had come here at the turn of the century.

"Yeah, I guess so." A shrug followed her reply.

"What did you do?"

"I went shopping." There was a silence, and the girl looked up at the advertisements. Staring back at her were an ad for Camel cigarettes, one for TV Guide, and a few others. The one for an insurance

company that catered to elderly people looked familiar. She tried to think of where she had heard that name before. Then she remembered that her grandmother had a policy with the company. She always told her grandchildren that if anything ever happened to her, this company would take care of everything. Glancing over at the woman, the girl wondered if she, like her grandmother, also used that insurance company.

An inquisitive voice interrupted her thinking. "You remind me of my own granddaughter." She paused for a minute and smiled at the girl. "And you have such beautiful, young hair, it's such a lovely color." The girl felt the woman touch her hair. "Sarah, that's my granddaughter, she has nice hair too. She wears it loose, like you. She goes shopping a lot also."

"Oh." How does she know whether or not I go shopping a lot. I just met her, the girl thought.

"What's your name?"

"Jayne."

"How old are you, Jayne?"

"Fifteen."

"Sarah's fifteen, also."

"Oh." Jayne fidgeted with the flap of her brown shoulder bag.

"I'm going to visit Sarah and her family now. They live in White Plains."

"Oh." Jayne could hear her own grandmother talking to a young girl on her way up to visit Jayne. The same, boring family conversation. Jayne couldn't take it. Besides, she thought, like I really care about her stupid little granddaughter who I never met.

"Where do you live, Jayne?"

"New Rochelle."

"Oh, then you don't know Sarah Miller, do you? She lives in White Plains."

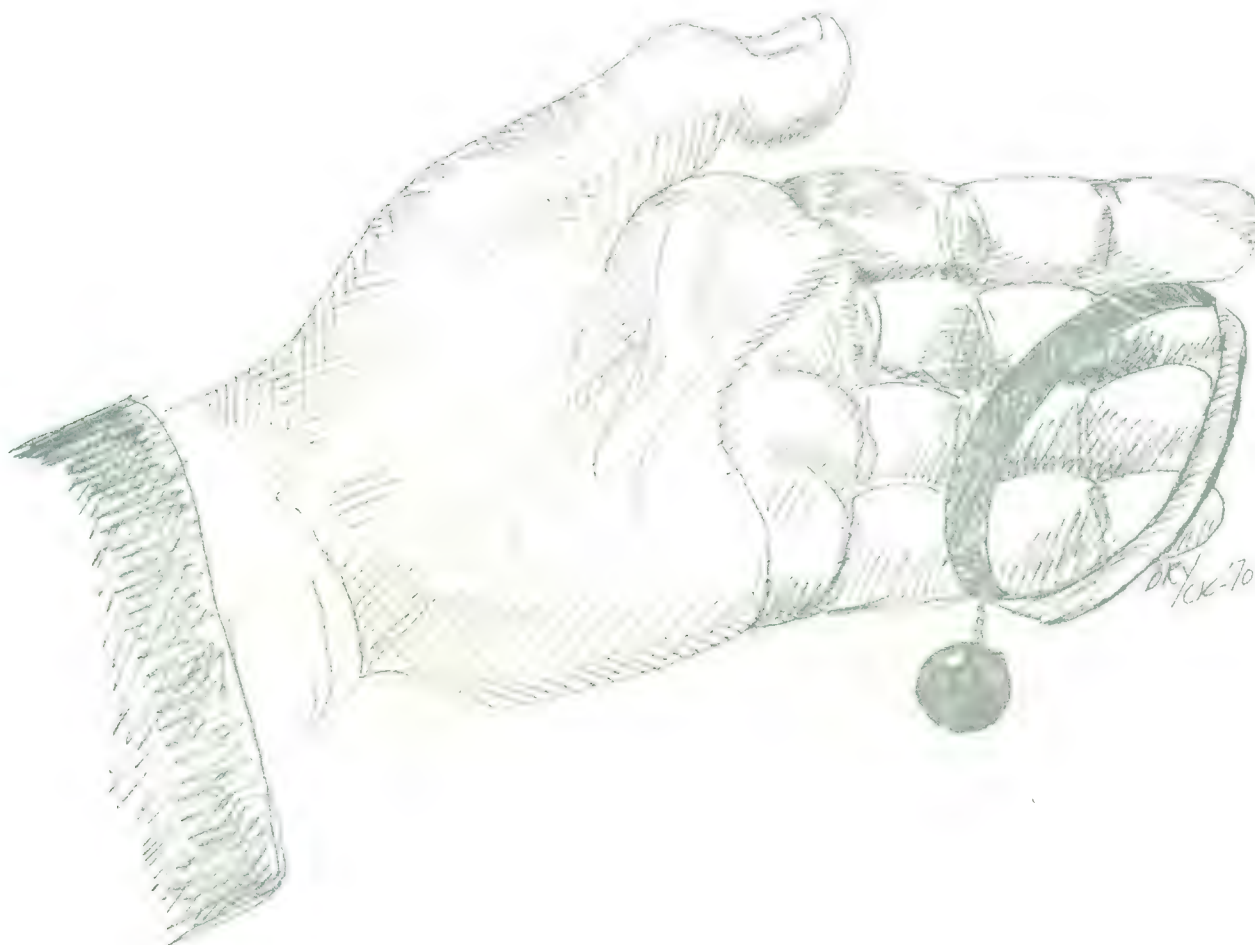
"No, I guess not." Jayne turned the other way to look out the window opposite her, but again, the woman had a question for her. "Do you have pierced ears, also? All the young girls seem to have them nowadays."

"Yeah." Jayne remembered that today she had no earrings on.

"I don't see any earrings on you."

"I know, I'm not wearing any today."

"Oh, I see. Sarah has pierced ears also. I'm bringing her a pair-- I couldn't resist buying them for her. Here, let me show you. Tell me if you like them." Opening her pocketbook, the woman took out a small, brightly colored box with a ribbon tied around it. "I know you girls like those big earrings, so I bought a large pair." she continued.



After opening the box, the woman lifted a layer of cotton to reveal the earrings. They were horrible, Jayne thought to herself. Big is one thing, but these were tremendous thick, gold hoops with a marble-like stone at the bottom.

"Do you like them, Jayne? I hope Sarah does."

"Yeah, they're nice," Jayne lied. She thought of the many times her grandmother had brought her a gift to win her favor. On these occasions, Jayne had not told the truth, and had said how much she liked the gift. Once, when she was little, Jayne had said she didn't like a gift her grandmother had bought her. But her mother had told her not to say she didn't like something, because "It hurts Grandma's feelings".

But once, her grandmother had given her a nice gift. Jayne vaguely remembered running and hugging her grandmother's wide waist. She had cried out, "Oh, Grandma, I love it!" But she quickly pushed that memory away.

"Good, I'm sure Sarah will like them." Jayne had hardly heard the woman's voice, but she now looked up. "That Bloomingdale's is quite a store. I tell you, we didn't have such big stores like that when I came here. It seems like yesterday I arrived, and I turn around and see all these big buildings and new stores. Not like when I first came here."

"Oh." Jayne said, Well, she certainly doesn't look like she just got here yesterday: more like she's been here forever, Jayne thought.

With her finger, Jayne traced over the peace sign she had drawn on her jeans. Looking down at them, the woman said, "I see all the young people with these peace signs. Sarah wears it just like you, on her pants. I don't know, in my day, we were happy enough to be here, in this country. You don't know how free you really are

until you get here. That's why we came over, to escape." Jayne couldn't count the many times her grandmother told her something similar when Jayne had mentioned that she had gone to a demonstration, or something of that sort.

"I'm always afraid that Sarah might get hurt with all this violence around."

"There really isn't that much violence. I'm sure your granddaughter can take care of herself."

"I don't know, I don't understand, but that's kids today." There was a pause. Jayne watched as she opened her purse once more. "Do you know what time it is, Jayne?"

"No, I don't." Jayne put her hands in the pockets of her navy blue jacket.

"I really must know what time it is." The woman leaned over to the person sitting in front of her and asked the time.

"Five thirty-five," Jayne heard the man in front of her say.

"Oh, thank you." Reaching into her purse, the woman took out a little vial with pills in it. "I have a heart condition. I have to take these four times a day. Just had an attack about a year ago."

"Oh, there's a water fountain up at the front of the car. You can take your pill up there."

"Yes, I will. Excuse me, I'll be right back." Jayne sat quietly as the plump figure walked past her and up to the front of the car. Jayne was thinking to herself about how her own grandmother always went to Arizona every year because of her asthma. The woman returned.

"I couldn't swallow the first one, so I had to use two capsules. I have to be more careful. Those things are expensive."

"Oh, I see." Jayne said.

"I can't wait to see Sarah."

"It must have been a long time since you last saw her."

"It seems like that. I miss her so much. I try to come out almost every weekend." Sounds familiar, Jayne thought to herself. She must live for her grandchildren.

"Sarah has a brother, but he's away in college. I miss him too. I want to see them as much as possible. I haven't that much time left, and it gets lonely all by myself in the city. My husband just passed away last summer."

"Oh, sorry," Jayne said. She thought to herself that if she's so lonely, she should do something with her time. But, like her own grandmother, she doesn't.

The conductor came around again and took the woman's ticket.

Jayne sat for awhile, just staring into space. Suddenly, she heard the conductor call out, "New Rochelle. Next stop. New Rochelle."

Jayne began to get her things together, buttoning her coat and standing up to gather her packages. The train came to an abrupt stop, and as Jayne turned to go, she heard the woman say, "Goodbye, Jayne, nice to have met you."

"Bye." Jayne stepped off the train and ran to call her mother to come and pick her up.

Once inside the telephone booth, she put her packages on the seat and stood up as she dialed. She heard the phone on the other end ringing.

"Hi, Mom?" she said. "Can you come and pick me up now?"

"Yes, I'll be right there." There was a break in the conversation, and Jayne continued. "Mom, is Grandma there?"

"Yes, Jayne. But don't worry, I won't bring her along in the car."

"No, No, Mom. Tell her I said hi."

"Okay, I'll be there soon. Goodbye."

"Bye." She hung up the receiver.

carol anne seidelman

Summer's Yesterday

This summer: try to catch it
you might can it, box it, hang it
stick it in an envelope
nail it to an unused wall
or entangle it with rope
you'll lose it.

Race it round the valleys,
run it down the hillside
embrace it; keep it
Put it in your closet
store it for the winter
enclose it; feel it.

In the winter: you will find it
grasp it, hold it, try to know it
somehow keep it just that way
even though you might have had it
in your summer's yesterday
it is gone.

Richard Carlin

WHAT I THOUGHT OF TWO CALVES BEING BORN



Abby Johnson 12

I was down at the swimming hole and a truck came down and said the cow was giving birth. So I went up to camp and I went to the farm and they said the cow was not giving birth until after dinner. It gave birth at 8:30. When it gave birth, first there was a big bubble, then a hoof came out, then the head, then another hoof. Then the rest of it. It tried to walk. It took the calf five minutes to stand up. About five minutes later, everybody yelled "Clyde!" because another hoof was coming out. And then another calf was born. The two calves were bulls. I watched them for a while and then I left. Seeing a cow give birth was exciting. I liked seeing the cow give birth. When it gave birth, they had to carry the calf and the mother licked it a lot. Then a little later Clyde took the calves and put them next to the udder so they could get milk. Then it licked the second calf.

David Simon



the spirit of creativity





There is a difference here.

We stand in a tall wood and listen to the sounds of nature as she builds a forest. Lifting the treetops patiently higher, creating without doubt and without hesitation. We feel the soft earth and work in the rows of sweet corn, tending and coaxing the plants to maturity. We hold our breath in a crowded field, as we watch a pair of twin calves being born.

Walking into the center of camp, we continue to sense creation going on around us; hear the sound of machines from the woodshop and mallets in the sculpture garden,

see the bustle of activity in the publications and ceramics shops, hear the voices that drift up from the art studio, and music that floats down from the shed.

Here too, things are growing. Slowly being shaped by hands that, in a winter of frustration, had often begun to tear and destroy. We watch the people who had been angry at each other and the world; they too are growing, and, remarkably, their anger disappears into art.

This summer we are finding the spirit of creativity that had been hidden in us. Rediscovering the excitement of building, though we can more easily buy, and the need to extend ourselves into another medium. Searching for the best medium in which to express ourselves, the form we can use most skillfully and satisfyingly to communicate some of our emotions to others.

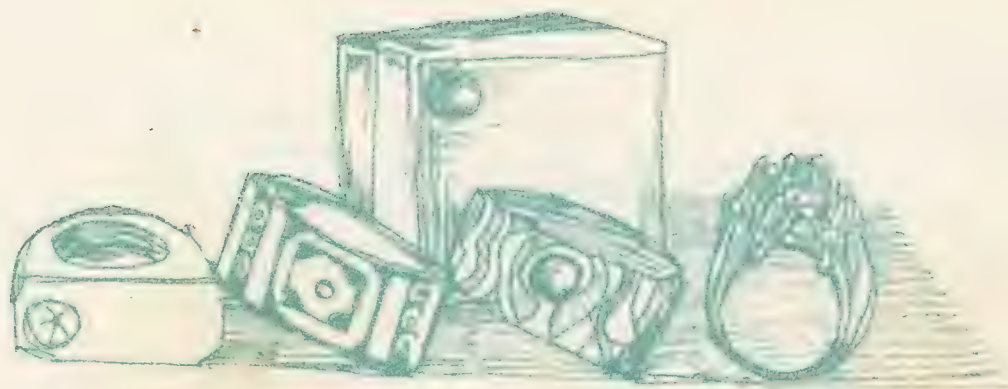
The opportunities we have this summer to explore the arts some of us will never have again. Whether or not we complete the search, we will carry home with us a greater love for the process of creation.

Jon Greenblatt



47
100

Adam Sherrin '85



Rites of Silver

Imagine a sheet of silver still frosty white from the processing plant. Imagine it cut, filed, sanded and buffed and buffed again until it resonates with an unbelievable vitality. Silver has qualities far different from any other artistic medium. It is plastic and brittle and shiny and dull and bright and dark and just about anything-you care to make it -- and then some. I can almost believe that silver is inhabited by spirits, some malevolent but mostly benevolent, blessing and baptizing the artist as he works.

Any design that is drawn or, for that matter, imagined in the mind's eye can be projected into silver, often with only slight alteration. The design is the nucleus and the embryo of the piece to be. It contains the essence and the soul of the piece and therefore should not be denigrated. I find the easiest way out of the so-called "agony of designing" is to keep an informal sketch book. When I feel the urge to doodle, I simply take it out and satisfy my desires. I suppose the secret of my success is that I don't get terribly involved in what the design is to be. It removes all pressure and later, at my leisure, I can locate practical applications of any particular doodle. The important thing is to be as flexible and as imaginative as possible. I believe that jewelry is not so much a perfunctory means to an end (to adorn one's self) but functional sculpture, giving it as much artistic significance as painting or any of the other fine arts.

Soldering is silver's official ritual-by-fire. The blue flame, with its aquamarine center, has always had an irresistible hold on me. Part of this hold comes from my fascination with the way fire causes transmutations in metal. It is the central element in the bonding process. But before the torch can be applied, the pieces of silver must be cut and assembled with all edges carefully filed so that they fit together exactly. The project is then suspended in a third hand to facilitate underheating. All edges and surfaces that will undergo the ritual are cleaned and then liberally fluxed.

Flux is without doubt an unusual substance. It's a borax compound and it is used to keep the silver clean while working.

As you apply the heat to it, it bubbles, dries, and then melts, turning very glossy. The unusual part begins when you remove the torch, because flux, when melted and then cooled, turns every color possible. I've seen bright reds, greens, yellows, blues, and occasionally purples. In some pieces, where a piercing technique has been employed the melted flux accumulated, giving it an almost cloisonné-like appearance ... but so much for that.

The flux melted, it is now time to apply the pallions to the prepared piece (pallions being small slivers of solder). Invariably, with the flux solidifying to form a smooth surface, the wretched pallions roll off the seam, to be lost forever. At that point I will generally do one of two things: either remelt the flux so that it becomes gooey and then quickly apply the pallions or, with a scream of wrath, decide to stick feed the piece. The solder is finally on. As I heat it from below, the piece begins to absorb the heat, turning first black then dull red, orange, yellow. Finally, the pallions roll into small balls and sit with uncertainty, melting, then solidifying. Heat and then more heat and the moment arrives. The ambivalent balls collapse into pools of molten metal and, with a shot of pure pugnacity, shoot like mercury around the edge of the seam.

Liz Rosenblum

THE LSD HABIT

Andy Gutterman and Peter Lobel have spent most of this and past summers in the Lighting and Sound Department of Buck's Room. They have expressed a love for the shop and a strong dedication to their personal art form. Out of all the opportunities they have here, they've found in LSD their own form of expression... and fun.

PETER: LSD is addictive in a sense. I first got interested in it through my brother, who was a CIT of LSD in 1968. He impressed me so much that I thought it would be fun to try. Starting out it was a drag, but ever since I've been coming back.

ANDY: I'd done a little of it in school and after the first play last year I thought I'd look into it. Since that day, I've been one of the regulars down here.

DAVE: How does the stage crowd get along?

PETER: The feeling is very warm. Costuming, stage design, construction, and LSD all cooperate because we all have a job to do. The play's the important thing. Each shop has its different contributions but the play pulls us together.

DAVE: Do you look at LSD as an art form, like acting and painting?

PETER: Yes. Lighting adds a lot to the mood of the play. If you have very warm colors it can create a romantic scene—just the tone of the lights, the warmth, the intensity. Or you can create a violent scene. Lighting tells the audience what is important. It can change their center of attention; it highlights certain details in the scene, and the music brings the audience into the mood of the moment.

DAVE: When the crowd sees the play they cheer for the actors most openly. Do you ever feel like getting up on the stage and taking a bow, or are you satisfied behind the scenes?

ANDY: I could never get into acting, outside of as a walk-on.

But in LSD we feel the impact of the outcome of the play, and feel good at the cheers too.

DAVE: Do you take the boos, too? If the play is not a success and you know you did your best, do you feel let down?

ANDY: Even when the play fails we may still feel good, depending on how hard we worked. But overall, we're interested in seeing everyone work together. You can't cheer for each group.

DAVE: How do you feel when a play is over?

ANDY: It's a real letdown. All this work has gone **just** for one play; then it's over.

PETER: Not just one play--one performance.

DAVE: When you work in LSD, do you feel like the counselors



are just keeping you busy, or do you feel significant?

PETER: Just as actors feel that the theater is best for them, I feel that I am doing what makes me feel best. It's making a choice. The reason is that this is both work and play to me. We know that there's something to be done and we put ourselves into the work. It's not as if we're filling a slot that anyone else could have by just standing there. We're like the actors. LSD combines cooperation with individual expression.

DAVE: How does LSD work with individual directors?

PETER: At the stage we meet different kinds of directors. A man like Stanley Berke may seem impossible to work with, because he demands perfection. But he demands perfection of himself, too, and you can just attend Dance Night to tell that it's all worth it. Working with him teaches you how you should do any hard job. The result is worth the sweat, so you go through it. And along the way you find things you've always been looking for.

DAVE: Do you feel that you are escaping from people by keeping in the lighting booth?

PETER: Buck's Rock is an escape from what is supposed to be the "real" world. In Buck's Rock you're creating your own reality, not just LSD. To bring this atmosphere into the real world would be the end of the need for these escapes.

Dave Shwalb

Spinning energy out of the womb
Warmth, come gladness and joy
Then Gaea bore Uranus

And we slept in the wet grasses
Canopy of purple heaven
Veil of golden mist
Closely, closely, breath warm together

Aurora confesses her brilliance
Now fading as the chariot slows
While Charon journeys through the rushes

Karen Putterman

in the white garden of winter
blood broken stillness
the gods are crying

Karen Putterman



DAN MATTHOW



DAN MATTHOW



DAVID MINER



DAN MATTHOW



DAN MATTHOW



DAN MATTHOW

Plaster and Wood

"I'm working with form," says Rima Waskow, who spends much of her time in the sculpture garden. "A piece of sculpture isn't meant to be just looked at--it's meant to be felt and handled, examined in all its possibilities."

Besides sculpting, Rima, who spends half her day working as a folk music CII, is interested in ceramic pottery. She is a little shy, but as we sat near the clamor of the busy sculptors, she began to talk freely about her work.

"I didn't start sculpting until I came to Buck's Rock. Last year I did my first piece, which was in wood. My brother had done some sculpting. I guess that was what originally got me interested." She showed me the piece she was working on now, a little plaster man with a smooth round body, holding his head in some unknown anguish. "The material you make the sculpture out of is determined by the effect you want to create, or the aspect of the work you want to emphasize. If I want to concentrate on the shape of the piece, I'd probably want to use plaster; if I want to work with texture there's more possibilities in using wood." She makes her points with various gestures of the hands, and when she nods, her long, light brown hair reflects the brilliance of the afternoon sun.

Her speaking of various media had reminded me of the recent experimentation with "environmental sculpture." I asked her what she thought of work being done in that area. "I'm not sure if I'd call it art," she said. "I think it's good that they're trying new things, but it may be a while before the potential of that form is realized."

The roar of the chain-saw held up our conversation

for a few minutes as it poured smoke and noise into the air. "A new form?" I thought. "Cloud sculpture."

I asked Rima if she was trying to communicate a feeling or message or a mood through her sculpture. "I don't sit down when I'm in a lonely mood, say, and try to do a sculpture that conveys that feeling," she replies. "I'm not that good yet. I just try to express beauty."

I asked her if she was satisfied with the way her own work was developing, and what she thought of the other things being done in the sculpture garden this year. "I'm really happy with the way my things are turning out. I get a little better with each piece I make. There's a lot of good stuff being done in sculpture this year. And everyone enjoys working there--we just have alot of fun."

Jon Greenblatt

DAN MATTHOW

BENNETT FISCHER



DAN MATTHOW



LISA WEINER



The Perils of Inkling

Inkling is the way you can make gorgeous belts for a third of the commercial price. Nice and cheap, sure, but the fastest way to lose your mind. First you sign up and wait and wait and wait and wait... Then, finally, your name is called.

"What number?"

"Wha?"

"Of your loom?"

"Oh," and you run to get a loom. "Eight."

"O.K."

Now what do you do? Sit around for another half an hour, until a CIT finally makes it to you, and you learn that you must first cut all your strings. You stare at the myriads of beautiful colors. How do you pick four colors? So you look and look and finally pick out your colors, and get a pair of scissors and start cutting. And cutting. And cutting.

Finally you get them all cut, and after another five-minute wait, you hook another CIT who explains how to string them. Under the whole loom, over this dowel, under and over this dowel, under this, and over this, and over this, and through the heddle and tie it nice and TIGHT. After a few more examples you try it yourself. Oh well, gotta cut another red. Try again. Finally you get it right--only the string's too loose. Try again and Perfect.

So you string and string and string and string and string and string, and Laura comes over to you and you forget to put it through the heddle--that makes seven reds you gotta cut--and finally you master the technique of talking with all the insane people up there who never stop talking, and you string and string and string and string, and you start wondering if there's a place in Bellevue, and the strings get all knotted up: "Oh God, look at that tangle!" snickers a friend; and you string and talk and cut and string and string and string...

Finally you finish stringing. Now you wind your shuttle and... wait for a CIT. You finally get one and she starts your belt with a little scrap. "You see, push them up and through with the shuttle and down, and tighten and through and up and tighten and through..." So you trot off with your loom and your shuttle because you have to make it, you're paying for it, and you are never going to start one of those stupid things again; but when your friend is called the next day, you ask in a timid voice, "Sign me up for another inkly?"

Meredith Lesley

The Awareness of Music

I've been playing the clarinet since fifth grade, and really got into it about two years ago. Last summer, I got involved in chamber music for the first time. Playing music is the greatest thing for me. When you perform, you develop a super-awareness of all the dimensions of the music. That is what the composer intends. You must put yourself into the piece.

What attracts me most at Buck's Rock is the awareness of music here. It's clearer, more alive. The difference between doing your homework while listening to a record, and going to a concert and hearing it live with no distractions. You can concentrate and appreciate. Seeing into a composer's work is a sensitive and beautiful thing.

Music can be compared to acting. The actor is confronted with a bunch of words. But when he studies the part and supplies the emotions, the part comes alive. The musician takes the black dots and adds the tempo, the dynamics, and an overall feeling for the part. When you really get into a piece and perform it, and know you could do it again tomorrow, you are satisfied. In an orchestra, with twelve clarinets, you have a responsibility to the rest of the group, like in the cast of a play.

Music is an outlet, but it sometimes makes more problems than it solves. If I am upset about something, trying to work out the problem at the same time that I'm practicing is almost impossible. Giving a good concert makes me happy that I've realized my potential. We'd be a frustrated country without music. Everyone loves music. Even the guy who says he's tone-deaf whistles on the street.

I don't know enough about music to compose...But I'm still exploring the clarinet. The clarinet can be soft and lyrical... deep and vibrant too. Of course, I'd like to be the greatest clarinetist in the world. Actually, right now, I would like to relax in playing and not have to rely on it for a living. Maybe someday I'll love it enough to make it a career. It's important to me...I just couldn't stop playing.

The clarinet isn't as hard to learn as a violin, but it's hard taking the squeaks at first. Some kids don't stick it out and maybe they're sorry. As a music CIT, when I talk to a kid who's not getting anywhere and explain to him what the music is about and how he could improve a certain part of his playing, I share the warm sensation with him. It's a rewarding thing.

As told to Dave Shwalb by Sheila Rosenzweig



SHOP PHOTO



FRANK RIPP



SHOP PHOTO



SHOP PHOTO



SHOP PHOTO



SHOP PHOTO



DAVID WEISS

butterfly wings,
beat the tempo over the meadow away.
beyond the yonder they sit
with coca cola eyes and make
much of no one's sense.
The new day sets on broken wings- beat the
drums while
yonder and afar bottlecaps wither and die.
singsong people listen hearing nothing
only.

Debra Kalish

awake from a sleep that unplanned was. Eyes
of my slowly work their way back from
the polyphonic tales of inside me. remember
them no since others united story demands me come. i
now fish in an empty stream for words of mouth to
say no work was born.

Debra Kalish

A Style of Playing

Buffy Shapero is one of the folk music CIT's at Buck's Rock. She has spent four summers here, and her playing and writing have been greatly influenced by the musicians she's met at camp.

"The great enthusiasm for folk music here makes it more enjoyable to play," Buffy says. "Folk music is a large part of the Buck's Rock atmosphere; it's quiet, emotional, personal...."

As Jon Victor and I questioned her, Buffy spoke with animation about her music. "I think I'm beginning to develop a style," she said. "I've gained a confidence with the guitar that lets me impress my own techniques on the kids I teach."

Buffy started playing the guitar about five years ago, on a classical guitar that was a gift her piano teacher bought in Mexico. She was shown a few chords, then began to teach herself, influenced by her musical friends and such modern folk-guitarists as Joni Mitchell, Richie Havens, and Judy Collins. At Buck's Rock, Buffy took three years of advanced lessons, and now teaches classes of her own.

"I really enjoy teaching," Buffy said. "It's great working with kids that learn quickly, and exciting when they like the same music that you do. I've done some teaching at home and I don't find the kids there as receptive. People here seem to know more about folk music and have a greater appreciation of it."

We asked her if she was strictly a folk-guitarist. "Almost," she said after a little thought. "You see, folk music is more than a collection of songs--it's a style of playing. I'm just getting into blues," she added, "... learning the basics and beginning to work out songs I hear."

Buffy began writing songs at Buck's Rock. "Before I came here I'd write phrases and lines, nothing more ambitious," she said. "And, until recently, most of my writing has come out of fooling around with the guitar--experimenting with different progressions and harmonizations."

"One last question," said Jon Victor. "Do you choose your friends by the music they play?" She rolled her eyes and laughed. "Hum a tune and I'll tell you."

Jon Greenblatt



DAN MATTHOW





DAN MATTHOW



SHOP PHOTO



'I just let it happen'

When I first told Adam Sherman he was to be interviewed about his art, he laughed derisively. He felt that there was little to be said about his creativity:

"Creativity," he began, and not without sarcasm, "is something th at you must be born with. It comes from the inner, deepest soul. Sometimes I'll wake up in the middle of the night and..."

"Cut it out," I said.

"O.K. Actually, when I'm creating, I feel no different than at any other time. If you're a real artist, it just sort of comes out on paper and that's it. I can always draw something, but I think if it's going to be special I have to have an inspiration, something inside that gives a piece of an idea and you work from that. It never comes out exactly like your idea is in the beginning."

Adam said he began etching this summer. "But I've been drawing and painting since I was two. I prefer pen and ink to etchings, but etchings are good too because you can reproduce your work. This summer, I've done both pen and ink drawings and etchings, and I've also done woodcuts, linoleum cuts, and paintings."

I asked Adam what he thought of the newer, broader concepts of art, such as those Jack Cornish enjoys.

"You mean earthworks, and stuff like that? It's not what I consider art to be, but I think it's good as a sort of weird idea of how far you can go, like having a wall-to-wall carpet gallery with a pile of dirt and grease in the middle. You've never seen this before, and it sort of makes you think."

I asked Adam whether he strove for shock value in what he drew and he replied, "I don't strive for anything. I just sort of do what comes out."

"I don't like to think about what I'm going to do when I get older, just as I don't like to sketch out what I'm going to draw before I draw it. Maybe I'd like to illustrate books or be a free lance designer. Then I wouldn't have to be tied down to one job, I could do a lot instead of the same thing over and over again."

Adam said that his greatest influence is Aubrey Beardsley. "I really like his stuff because he's developed a definite style; you can really tell that something is his. I'd like to develop a style that you can really tell is mine."

Suzanne Kirschner.

MAGNIFICENT REFLECTION

He has an incredible face, Davud Schechter does. Warm brown eyes and an elastic smile. When he talks to you, his expressions flow evenly with his words. On the stage, his face contorts into anger, fear, hysteria, joy. It is an actor's face and, in acting, David is finding a way of life for himself. When he speaks of his own acting and the profession in general, you get the feeling that his self-assuredness is new-found and still in transition. He seems to be discovering things--perhaps through acting--about himself and the people around him.

"When I start working on a character, I usually start out with external things, just going through the motions of it. Then there's always one day when it hits you and you know what the whole thing is about--it's usually towards the end. I still can't put myself equally into any role. It depends on how much I personally feel towards the character. Some people find that just from their experience in life, they have more knowledge about a certain character.

"I get awfully nervous when I'm acting, terribly nervous, but I think it's good because it gives me this energy which carries me through. I'm nervous mostly at the beginning, and if it starts to go well, I don't even think about being nervous, and I just go full speed ahead.

"I can never really judge myself. The only way I can judge how well I do is by how excited I get doing the part. But afterwards I have no idea whether it was good or bad. I have to rely on what other people tell me, I just don't know.

"I think that most actors are insecure people, and they're people who can never get enough of seeing themselves from every angle. There's a security on the stage and you can drop certain etiquette and inhibitions and do things the way you want to do them in real life but you can't because you're afraid of being rejected. Acting is a way of getting accepted. The actor is no more conceited than any other person, it's just that he is not ashamed of himself. It's really funny, an actor has to be a musician, a dancer, an artist. The theatre is a mirror to the world and the actors, well, the actors are the reflections."

Francie Camper



DAVID MINER



DAVID WEISS



DAVID MINER



DAN MATTHOW



DAVID MINER



DAVID WEISS



MITCHELL GEIER



DAVID MINER



DAVID MINER



Filling in the Grand Canyon with...

Jack Cornish, bearded, long-haired, and head-banded, holds the straight position of art teacher at Newark State College. He also has some unique and revolutionary ideas about the meaning and purpose of art, the role of an artist, and his own role as both an artist and a teacher trying to effect some kind of change in this society. Here then, are some of his ideas:

"I think my art is very much change oriented. I get to the point where so many of my pieces are work that I evolve--like painting and drawing is just something you do to fill up space, but the bigger pieces that I work on are really those which would bring the people into conflict with them. The last big piece that I did was with a program in new trends in dance, and so we had a night where the artists and dancers got together and talked about the similarities of the two fields. Then what I did was to tie a string to everyone's wrists with about 13 inches in between them and then I tied the end of the string to the dancers on stage so that when the dancers are moving, the whole audience is being dragged around, because they were tied to the string. Usually the dancers are moving and the audience sits there passively, so the idea was to effect change in the audience--to get them into the dance concept--to give them movement, and to make it something that they're going to feel. Their wrists will start aching after a while from the string pulling on them and they feel a little pain about finally having to move. The arguments afterwards about whether it was art or not were phenomenal.

"But that's what I do. It's almost like guerrilla warfare, the big pieces that I work in. I consider them my real art--the whole idea of confronting people with situations that they can't get around. You can take a big, big piece of landscape that you can't walk away from,

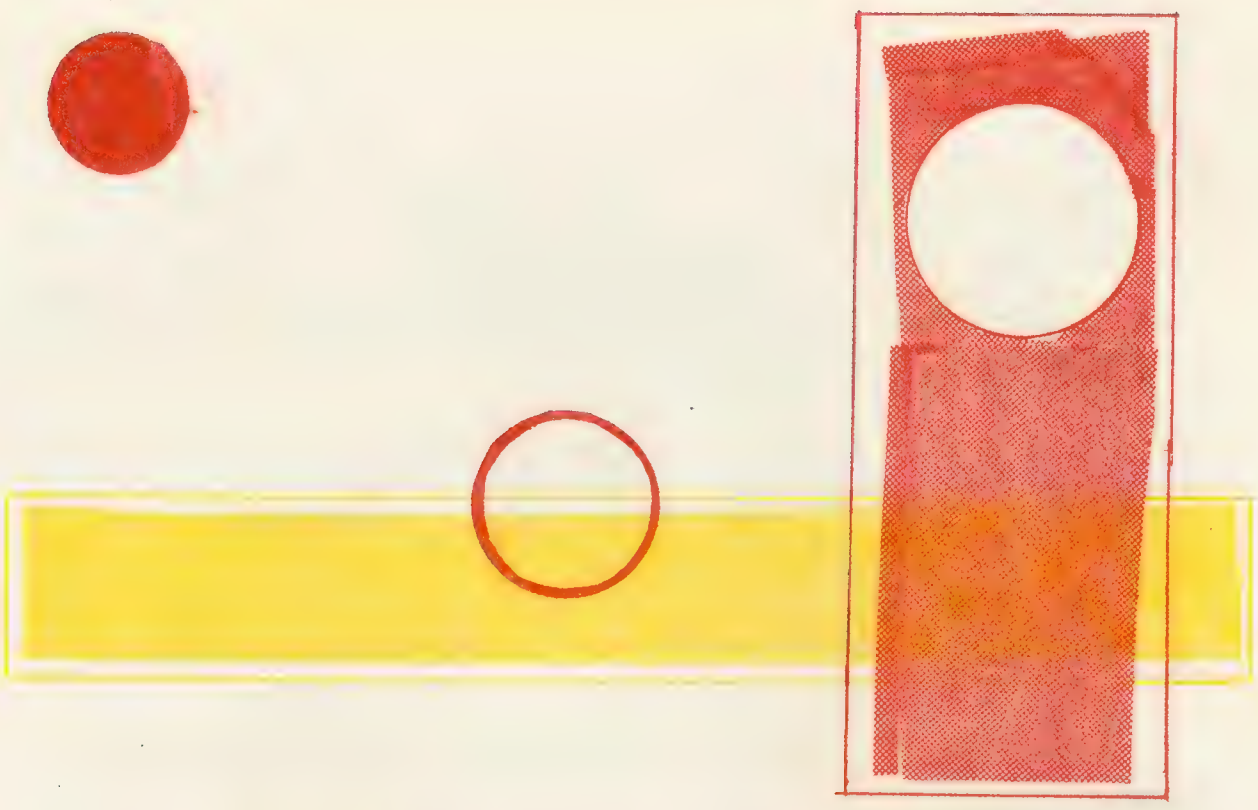
An abstract graphic at the top of the page features a large yellow square on the left, a smaller yellow square on the right, and a blue textured rectangle in the center. A blue circle is positioned above the central rectangle.

...Sugar Cubes

and you start doing things with it, like putting strings on it or painting white lines down it or something else--and visually you can't walk away from it--you're going to have to react to it. A painting you can get out of your field of vision very rapidly, but a total landscape piece--you take two or three square miles and put someone in the middle of it--they just can't get away that fast.

"So many of the arts are just between the person who's making it and the medium he's working with. There's no such thing as painting for a public--you just paint, or you draw and when it's finished you've got a product and it's got to be sold. And I think this is fine--it's just something that you do, but I think on the other hand that really the role of the artist should be tuning everyone into the fact that we're all together in this thing--we're not separate. A painting is sort of a sacred thing in a way--it's a very personal individual thing. But when you start working on something that people can't feel as individuals, they're going to have to wake up and realize that maybe there is a group experience. Someone will eventually ask me, 'Why are you playing with the landscape like that? You're ruining it.' And that's what we're doing--we're defiling it by putting a white line on it.

"I've got a piece in process right now with the United States government. They have some office in the Department of Interior that's responsible for monuments. In other words, if someone wants to build a statue of General Custer, they have to clear it with this office--and the office has to act on every proposal that comes to them. It's just the way the government works. So I sent them a large detailed proposal for filling the Grand Canyon with sugar cubes. I said it would sweeten



the water, etc., but I suggested it as a legitimate proposal. It will take the government two years before they tell me why they can't do it. But the whole process of the art is that this particular piece of work will have to go through all these bureaucratic channels and the documentation will be all the letters we get back from Washington. So one thing I'm starting to work with now is ideas of seeing how structures work and then doing something to the structure that, in a sense, may affect the people who are doing it by saying, 'This is ridiculous'--not saying that the object they're working with is ridiculous but that the structure they're working with is. The idea is to kick the structure out.

"This gets to be a very political thing. You know, today art is basically a middle class structure. The poor aren't into art, the wealthy are into it in the sense that it gives them prestige--it's all status, their use for art--the fact that museums operate, the fact that people buy art the way they buy art, the prices that art goes for. I've always felt that art was basically for the middle class and made by the middle class, and it helps perpetuate the whole class line. When art decides that it doesn't need museums, that it doesn't need people to buy it, then it becomes free again, and anyone can use it.

"Film is this way. Film hasn't been taken over by the middle class. A poor person can turn on to film as well as a wealthy person can. This is the medium that I find myself using more and more. It's where it's--really at today--film. The last film I made was called "LINT." We decided beforehand how long we wanted it to be and we cut a piece of leader

that size and dragged it over the floor. Then we put it on the reel and what happens is, as the film goes through the projector, all the dirt on it gets caught in the gate and you get all these little black lines. The thing that happens with this film which intrigues me is that the film only exists once, which is something that film doesn't normally do-- you can always see a movie over and over again. This one, you can't-- it will never be the same twice.

"I find that a lot of my work relates to the question of time--how much time do we have initially and what are you doing with the time that you have? That's always bothered me-- people are content to sit back and let time pass them. They're just not tuned into the fact that they're moving through this space thing and that they're wearing themselves out as they go through it. There's nothing left at a certain point-- you're dead.

"It's the way I look at my life--how much time I have left and it gets me very uptight when people start wasting my time.

"I think in teaching art your main aim should really be to get kids to make their own decisions about their art and realize that it's not the object but the lifestyle that involves art. The objects aren't worth anything.

"One of the things that I find in teaching art here is that the kids start picking up my ideas instead of forming their own. I think it happens because no one has let them find out what ideas they have of their own. No one ever really asks them what they think. They're just given whatever someone wants them to think about.

"I have an idea that the next medium I'll be working with will really just be people--setting up problems for people to work out in a certain spatial situation--using people as objects, giving them certain directions, explicit things they have to do in this particular space. Human beings as art."

Francie Camper



LISA WEINER



SHOP PHOTO



MITCH SHEAR

DAVID MINER



SHOP PHOTO



Backstage at Stratford

The lights dimmed on the final scene of Othello. As most of the audience left the theatre for the Stratford lawn, the contingent from Buck's Rock filtered down to the orchestra section. Soon four actors entered from upstage left, among them Bob Blumenfeld, last year's counselor of Actor's Workshop. The actors wanted us to relax and feel free to ask about anything relating to this production or to Shakespeare in general. A few hands rose timidly at first; it wasn't until it became clear that the actors were also human that many were eager to ask questions.

Most of the questions related to the mechanics of this production--we learned that the stage tilted toward the audience to make upstage scenes more visible; the intonation used is "stage English," a combination of American and British voicing; rehearsals start in the winter; and no single interpretation was used--it was the director's task to unite the individual interpretation each actor brought to his part,

What the actors do when something goes wrong was a favorite topic. One actor joked, "When I forget a line, I quickly improvise iambic pentameter." The unexpected breaking of a sword had presented one of the actors an unusual challenge--he was supposed to win a duel with it. He explained that he could have run off stage for another similar sword, but remembered that there was a spare dagger under his belt. The problem was to make his victory with a dagger over an adversary with a long sword seem realistic.

The actors pointed out that each production adds something to their knowledge of the play and, hence, their subsequent performances. For example, the audience reaction is never quite the same--an alert audience may react to every nuance as expected, while a more juvenile audience may laugh embarrassedly at tense, romantic scenes.

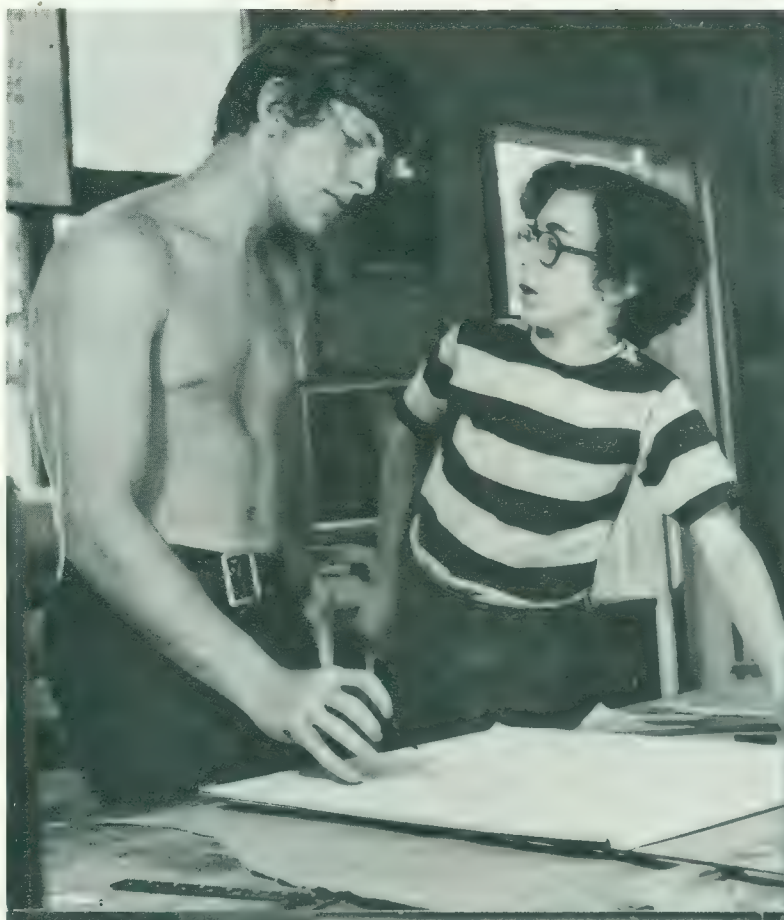
Later Bob Blumenfeld talked with two of us about his personal viewpoint on working at Stratford. He is a man of a bit less than average height with slightly balding black hair, glasses, and sideburns. Since the company was assembled in February, he has been working at Stratford. He

plays the King's Major Domo in All's Well that Ends Well, a senator in Othello, and the town beadle in Shaw's Devil's Disciple; he also serves as bartender in the actor's club. "Since my parts are small, I participate in workshop projects," adds Bob. In workshop projects, actors direct each other in original or unpublished plays, which are performed for the directors and other actors. Also, Bob participates in a special production for agents and producers. This year it is The Taming of the Shrew.

Despite the many projects and the actors club, the actors are primarily involved in the public productions. "Even a person playing a silent part must be aware of every aspect of the scene," explains Bob. The actor must know what the character he is playing thinks to be able to improvise the proper reactions. "When a good actor knows the background and the part," explains Bob, "the emotion automatically follows. Since the overall effect of a production depends on everyone's involvement, everyone must be acting all the time." When asked if he finds this dull after many performances, Bob smiles. "Actors are paid not to get bored on stage. I enjoy it, whatever the type of play--as long as I'm on stage."

Peter Samis

Jon Victor





MITCH SCHEAR



LISA WEINER



LISA WEINER

Tangible Moods

Ceramics offers many possibilities to the artist. Clay is a pliable medium and can be bent, stretched, pounded, or squeezed into any shape. This summer I discovered the importance of not limiting myself but of working in as many areas of ceramics as possible. It gives me a better understanding of how the clay handles. With clay you can do many things: sculpt realistic or abstract forms, throw pottery on the wheel, or handcraft by slabs and coils (methods used when various odd shapes are desired).

Shapes don't have to be left plain and smooth; textures can be added. When the clay is leather hard (a certain drier consistency easiest to work with) you decide on a design pattern. The simplest, most obvious tools are usually the best for this purpose. Press a piece of jagged wood or stone (your fingernails will do) into the clay. Each way you stroke it -- up, down, sideways, in or out -- will produce a different effect. By doing this you can make the texture of the clay resemble another material, such as metal or stone.

When I work with clay, all my moods, thoughts, and feelings are converted into tangible objects. While I am forming the basic cylinder on the wheel, I concentrate on the mechanics of each step. It is only later on, when I'm ready to shape the piece, that my personality becomes involved. When I'm down and depressed, my hands do very little work; therefore my piece is quiet, smooth, and somber. If I'm in a practical mood, my piece will probably be functional. (In this case, I may have an idea beforehand of what I will make.) But my most vibrant and flowing works are made when I'm wide awake and bursting with strength, or when I am aroused by my surroundings. Every person and action around me can affect my work.

Thinking back on all the time I've spent in ceramics -- the endurance needed, the friendly clay fights, the muddy laundry, the people I've met and the skill and the knowledge I've obtained -- I realize that I've accomplished a great deal. I've developed a style and a finer sense of artistic appreciation. But most of all, I've gained a means of expression which enables me to translate my thoughts and moods into art.

Peter Lewis

I

pearls

meltheat so eh^{ow} eggs who?

some w h e r e

up and over

I see but I see but I do not smell, for (or stink)

the saltsea bites ag a in in the oldnew swell

ceremony of timelessness intersectionality

for raspberries are forever facets twinkle quintessentially lambent,
overandover

for now we are severed cordless

pretentious as all hell doordead skylark upandup
steric umbrae tilt winging winding wistful,

gossamer breaking dimly dimpled if only, but no
 unless yes, flying in fire hover worst maybe yes
 no not really no no yes (yesterday at least) - for me
 there had been a death like no other, fused confused

refused suffused, defused

webb ish nebb ish

m. e.

Note: For an explication of this poem, see facing page.

Pearls of Wisdom

On close reading, the poem "I" reveals itself to be supersaturated with meaning. It crystallizes at the slightest disturbance. Each image, each figure, even each empty space points to the kernel of this poem--a convolution of life.

But before delving into the meaning of this work, observe how closely knit and carefully crafted it is, despite its apparently amorphous nature. Nearly every word or phrase is associated with several others--"up and over," "over and over," and "up and up" are clearly linked; "swell" rhymes with "smell" and bivalently refers to "salt sea" and "ceremony." Far from being unnecessarily ambiguous, this two-edged sword is an incisive stroke of genius. There is a beautiful progression from "pearls," connoting a cold, lustrous glow; to "melt-heat;" to "lambent," meaning here a warmer glow; to "fire;" and then, the anticlimax, "defused."

Anticlimax is evidently one favorite device of the author. Two other examples are readily apparent--"pretentious as all hell" and the last six lines building with internal rhyme and assonance to the expectation of a grandiose conclusion, and then the marvelously unexpected "webbish nebbish."

Related to these is the parody of the adage "diamonds are forever" in "rasberries are forever"--even a raspberry has twinkling facets. Note the intentional misspelling "rasberry," which hints that we should omit the "b" as well as the "p," leaving a word "raserries," a corruption of "rosaries." This is just one of the subtle religious references; others are "there had been a death like no other," referring to Cain and Abel, and "all hell," with very deep meaning.

Also in this poem is skillful play with sound, clearly showing the influence of Gerard Manley Hopkins' "The Windhover." Just listen to the phrases "winging winding wistful" and "dimly dimpled."

Let us now cautiously approach the underlying substance of the work. There is the Yeatsian cyclic temporality, which emerges in a "salt sea" that "bites again." There is superficial confusion in the last section--"yes no...no no yes

(yesterday at least)," but this is resolved by a backward glance at the phrase "oldnew swell ceremony of timelessness intersectionality," which presents the reader with the concatenation of yesterday and tomorrow, counterpointing the principle of combination of eternal destinies.

The other substantive element, epistemologists (experts in epistemology) tell us, to be contrasted with the extensive development of time, is the pinpointing of the modern era through electronic imagery. Consider the violent "severed cordless," which shows the emotional isolation that occurs during a brown-out, indicated also by the perhaps overdone "eggs...up andover." "Tilt" is a vibrant variation of these images, referring to pinball machines. By no means is this flippant reference out of place; it illustrates the gamelike quality of modern existence. There is also the neonic quality of "twinkling facets" and the reference to modern aviation, "flying in fire." Results of the electronic age are epitomized in "doordead skylark" and "gossamer breaking."

Little remains unelucidated, save two key phrases. The first has been demonstrated to be McLuhanesque—"I see but I see but I do not smell." It should be evident that in a plug-in age, we use primarily visual means to tune in on the world community.

The most powerful and important phrase in the piece is "steric umbrae." Let us vivisect it. "Steric" means three-dimensional; "umbrae" means shadows. Three-dimensional objects have two-dimensional shadows, so clearly, only four-dimensional objects have "steric umbrae." The role of this phrase is further explained by "tilt"—a tilt in four dimensions can invert and convolute our three-dimensional world.

Jon Greenblatt
Jon Victor



different faces, minds, bodies, and lives





Buck's Rock. Community. The two have rarely been associated until this summer. All of a sudden people are regarding Buck's Rock as a different sort of place--no longer a camp, but a community, where people range in age from three months to sixty-eight years, where there are teenagers, single adults, married couples, and families, and where these people live in a village of homes ranging from tents to cabins to dormitory-like facilities. All these differences enhance learning and maturing and advancement in every area. Sperry Rand calls it synergistic; the term applies here. We do many things and because we do each of these things we do them all better. But Buck's Rock isn't just a place where everybody does his own thing. All of us share the responsibility of keeping it going, which is how it becomes a community.

Because of this diversity, it is hard to

capture even a few of Buck's Rock's aspects on something as limiting as a sheet of paper. There are so many sights that occur in a summer for a camera to record, so many smells that at best can be approximated vaguely in a good description, and so many sounds and smiles and gestures to be captured and quickly marked down so as never to be forgotten. How to capture the community of Buck's Rock? Taking a walk from the art studio across the camp with the sun shining through the trees, forming a smile on your lips--past people hacking away at plaster and wooden works of art with Jochowitz yelling, and past a filled publications shop doing twenty runs a day, and past all the other shops--the print shop with a sign on it:

THERE IS NOT

A FREE PRESS.
COME IN LATER

Walking by the social hall and hearing the kitchen crew taking the chairs down from their homes on top of the tables, and then climbing the steps onto the porch to check if there are any messages, running off the steps on the other side, down past badminton and ping pong players and guitarists, readers, writers, and thinkers on the hall, finally passing the oak tree, hearing Stanley beating his drum in the dance studio, and walking slowly down the road to the stables, hearing the sounds of the animals on the farm and the Ball Telephone movie in the science lab, seeing Anna on the infirmary porch knitting--this is Buck's Rock.

But what really makes a community, what really makes Buck's Rock, is the people. It's the people who put life into the shops, in turn putting life into the camp. The people, hundreds of different faces, minds, bodies, and lives meeting together. Every one with his own life of experiences, good and bad, behind him, and all of them having something to give to everyone else. It is the people who provide the spirit--the spirit to collate 90,000 sheets of paper into 600 yearbooks, the spirit to go inside and get raincoats right before it's about to pour and then come out to play volleyball in the rain, though Ernie may not approve, and the spirit to have massive, spontaneous sculpture shop vs. ceramics shop water-slurry fights. There is also the spirit to create, and in some, perhaps too few, the spirit to do work, and just the spirit that seems to have permeated the people here this summer--that of friendship, that of the smile, that of love for one another. All of this--the people, the places, the sights and sounds, thoughts and feelings--all of it put together into one conglomeration called a community, is Buck's Rock.

Peter Samis





STUART SEALFON

Not One Green Shirt is UnButtoned

I work in the back fields, behind the corn, in the vegetable farm. I like working there, because no one is there, except the corn, the weeds (who enjoy playing hide-and-seek with each other, under the corn), the sun (The sun seems to enjoy watching me; he watches everyone. He enjoys being a spectator, but actually he's too fat and lazy to do any work himself), and me. The corn stands in order, from general to private: not one green shirt is unbuttoned, not one is untucked. (The children think this is very foolish, so they play ring-around-the-rosey with the wind, while their fathers play their game). Sometimes, the rain comes to visit; he wipes the sweat off their brows and washes their feet. (The children manage to get very dirty feet in the course of a week). The wind comes and brushes back their hair (he is very good at making straight parts), and plays with the children.

Every morning I use the same battle cry: Attack! The children are drowning in a sea of weeds. I take my hoe, and to the back fields I march. The sad corn army salutes; the sun

watches, the wind has ceased to play. Up...crack! Down! Weeds fly, coming to crash landings. The children sing their songs, for they couldn't care whether they drown or not, and can't see why their parents are so upset. The parents aren't too happy about the whole thing (you know how parents are!) Up...down! There will be reinforcements...the weeds will not lose. Attack...down! Dirt splatters on the children, and they laugh out loud. The wind has returned with some candy, and he's playing ring-around-the-rose again. He seems to enjoy it. Down! We're winning! Up...the wind is flying round in crazy circles. The sun seems to be smiling, although you never can tell whether or not he's pleased. He always seems to smile, because he's just eaten more cake; he gets fatter and lazier. He sings in the shower, but I enjoy that. Up..... down! Victory! The children are waving goodbye. The parents are still standing (They never sit down, because there are no chairs); they never wave. The sun is still singing, the wind is still playing. I hum softly, and fade from view. The wind has come with me to show me the way out. The corn disappear.

Richard Carlin

The Bunk as a Microcosm

Although Buck's Rock is not a camp where the activities are bunk-oriented, each camper in a bunk exerts some influence on his fellow bunkmates. A typical bunk is not very tightly-knit, since each member has his own individual preferences and talents. We respect each other's talents and differences, and this produces the spirit of the Buck's Rock community.

Since most of us tend to stay with people who share our interests, the bunk offers a good opportunity to become acquainted with the people in other areas. In my bunk, for instance, my roommate's involvement in drawing brought me to the art studio and, though I had no previous interest in art, I found it could be fun. Another roommate, a very talented guitarist, made me pick up guitar, which I had been hiding for weeks, and taught me to play.

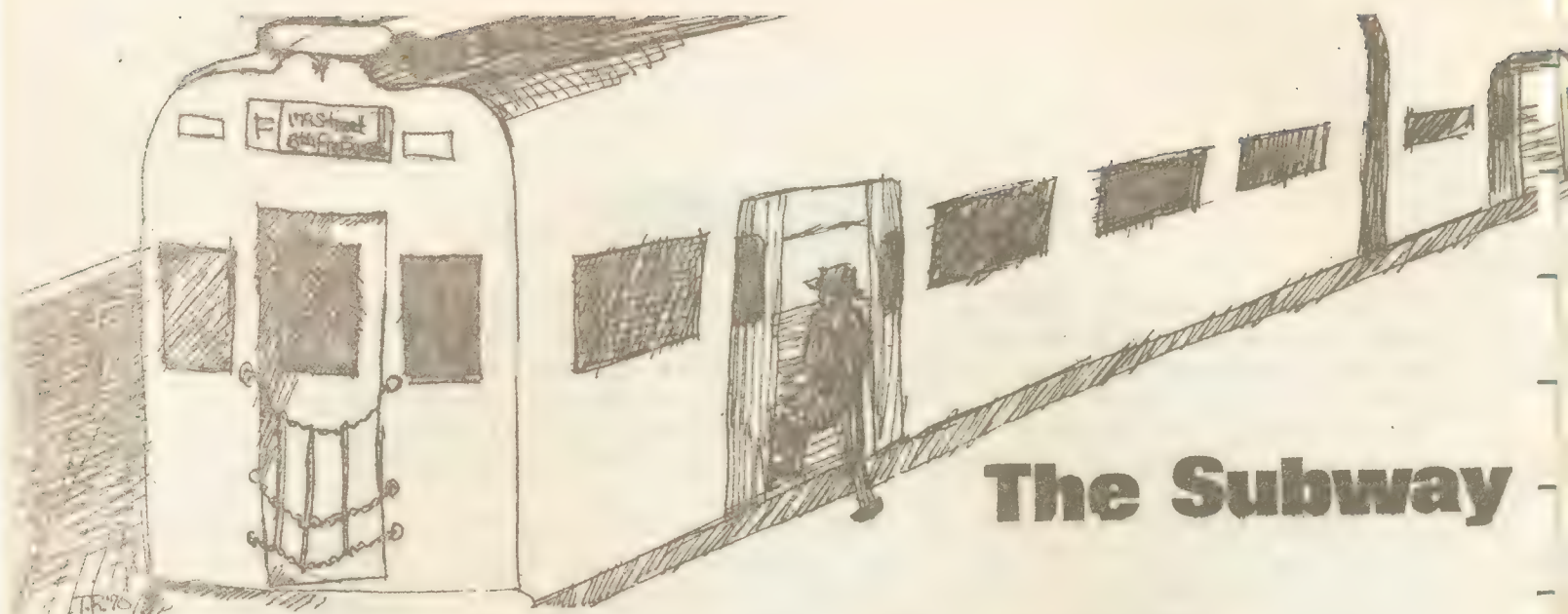
Such an exchange of interests is beneficial not only because one may find that he has a hidden talent, but also because he may gain new perspective on his own work. Many actors, for instance, find that an acquaintance with the dance adds grace and control to their acting.

Bunkmates influence each other's personal habits too. When four people live together in cramped quarters of a bunk, there is a good chance that they may not all get along. Usually, adjustments are made and people gain valuable experience in learning to tolerate others. If it becomes totally unbearable, one can always move out.

As in a community, the people in the bunks have important responsibilities. They must learn to be considerate of other people's needs. All must pitch in to keep the bunk neat. Respect for other's property must also be learned. In our bunk we base our system on trust, but unfortunately, some stealing has occurred. When this happened it is a great deal of disappointment. We have a strong faith in mutual trust, and when this is broken it is quite upsetting.

A bunk at Buck's Rock is a microcosm of the camp as a whole. In a bunk a person must learn to get along and respect other types of people. He learns to benefit from the talents and experiences of others. This whole atmosphere of living and learning from others reflects the spirit of Buck's Rock.

Sue Malkin



The Subway

Scene: An empty subway car, excepting one person who is seated three seats from the door. He is PASSENGER II, who is buried in a newspaper. A second passenger, PASSENGER I, enters. He is wearing a black business suit, with white shirt and black tie, and he is carrying a patent leather briefcase.

PASSENGER I: Is this seat taken?

PASSENGER II: (From behind the newspaper) What?

PASSENGER I: I said, is this seat taken? (Glancing at his watch) Come now, I'm almost at my stop and I'd like to sit down.

PASSENGER II: (He slowly pulls the newspaper down his face, glances around quickly, and buries his head again) There are other seats.

PASSENGER I: I like this one. It's near the door and I must get off soon. I cannot miss my stop.

PASSENGER II: (Still buried in the newspaper) There are seats closer to the door.

PASSENGER I: I have timed it perfectly. At 4:51 (Glancing at watch, nervously) in one minute, from this seat (Pointing to the seat next to PASSENGER II) it will take me thirty seconds to get to the doors. I will then proceed to go up the stairs, roughly two minutes, and then I will catch the 4:53 bus up town.

PASSENGER II: (Still buried in paper) You could relax an additional ten seconds if you sit one seat up.

PASSENGER I: (Stunned) I never thought...but I always sit here and
I really cannot ~~(miss my stop)~~ ~~(The train slows)~~ to a halt)

PASSENGER II: (Still in newspaper) In fact, you could relax thirty
seconds in the first seat.

PASSENGER I: (Ignoring) I really musn't miss my stop. (The train
lurches forward) Can I sit down?

PASSENGER II: I want two seats.

PASSENGER I: (Ignoring) Can I sit down?

PASSENGER II: (Stubbornly) I was here first.

PASSENGER I: It takes me thirty seconds from this seat, THIRTY
SECONDS! (He wipes the sweat from his brow)

PASSENGER II: (Screaming) IT WOULD TAKE YOU TEN SECONDS (calming)
it would take you ten seconds (The train stops) This is my exit.

PASSENGER I: What?

PASSENGER II: My exit.

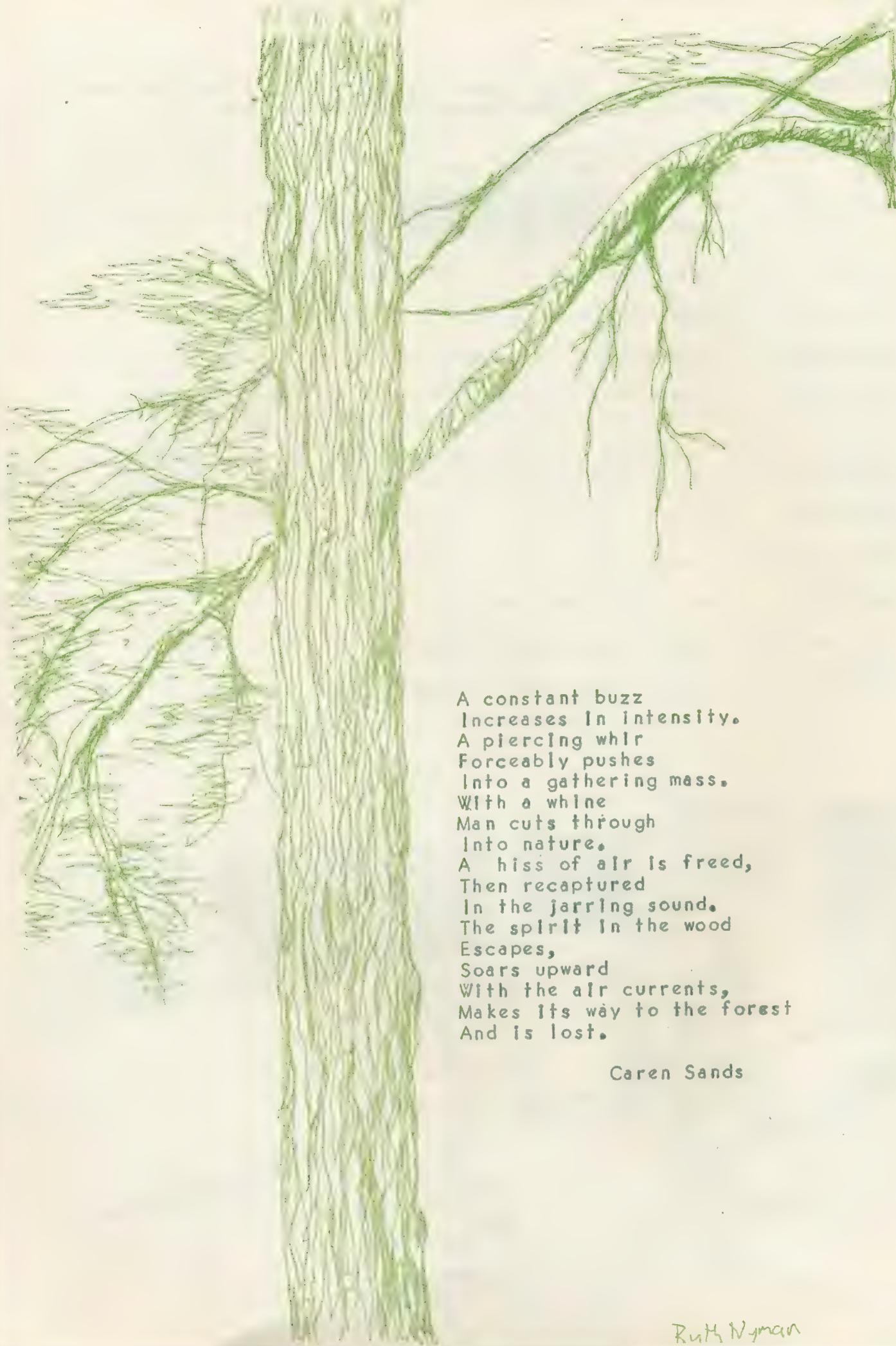
PASSENGER I: Where?... I have to....

PASSENGER II: Goodbye (going out the door)

PASSENGER I: I have to sit here. I musn't miss my stop.

Richard Carlin





A constant buzz
Increases in intensity.
A piercing whir
Forceably pushes
Into a gathering mass.
With a whine
Man cuts through
Into nature.
A hiss of air is freed,
Then recaptured
In the jarring sound.
The spirit in the wood
Escapes,
Soars upward
With the air currents,
Makes its way to the forest
And is lost.

Caren Sands

Ruth Nyman

Salugey!

It came back to me while playing "Mille Bornes" the other night. I was concentrating on my tactics because I was losing, but Claudia and Laurie, confident with their high scores, were comparing life at home to life here---their parents, their friends. Friends...

Sitting on the back seat of the bus, I bumped up and down. I glanced out the window and noticed that the snowflakes were still falling, only more gently. I pulled my hat tighter. Yes, it was very cold.

I had so much to tell my mother when I got home. I'd tell her about the 100% in spelling. Maybe I'd tell her that I had invited Debby to come over on Wednesday, even though she had said she wouldn't come. She'd rather go to Joan's house. It always happened this way. If it wasn't Joan, it was Peggy or Sue. Never me. Well, who needed them? I didn't!

I could hear the jumbled racket that always came from the kids on the front of the bus. I turned my attention to the window once more, secretly wanting to be one of them. Mommy always said that once they became more mature and didn't have to resort to calling names for amusement, that I too would be included. But when would that be? Why not now? I couldn't understand that part.

I heard a cry of "salugey" from the front of the bus and a boy, my classmate, came running down the aisle.

"Get her hat!" they all shrieked from the front of the bus.

"Cry baby! Cry baby! Go and run for your mommy!" The boy screamed in my face as he tugged at my hat and

tossed it up toward the front.

"Give it back! Give it back!" But they didn't listen. I ran to the front and tripped over someone's outstretched foot in the aisle.

"Cry! Cry!"

Nearly home, I couldn't, shouldn't, give them the satisfaction, as mommy always said. Pulling back my hat, I pushed my way to the door as my house came into sight. I ran off the bus, holding back my tears. Have to get away. They ran after me, calling names and insults, throwing things, grabbing and tearing at me. I wrenched loose, ran up the stairs, and slammed the vestibule door behind me. Now, as I rang the doorbell, the tears ran down my face. Mommy! Why were they doing this to me? Was I really so different? Jeering, mocking faces; noses pressed flat against the glass. Go away! I leaned on the doorbell once more. Mommy! Help me! Running footsteps on the linoleum heard within, and then the faintly familiar click of the lock being turned. The door swung open and I ran in to safety as the little crowd that had gathered around the door only moments before ran their different ways across the lawn. Burying my face in mommy's shoulder, I cried...

"Hey, Ilene, it's your turn." Claudia turned to me. "What were you thinking about? You can tell us. We're friends."

Ilene Rosenthal

Buck's Rock—A Community of the Arts

In recent years, artists have investigated many new techniques in order to satisfy the growing need for new forms of artistic expression. Since Buck's Rock is a community deeply concerned with many different art forms, perhaps it should become more involved in this effort. I have talked with several counselors here at camp about their opinions on this subject. They are: Jo Jochnowitz of sculpture, Jerry Marks of silkscreen, Jerry Walker of ceramics, Raffi Adler of music, and Larry Blizzard and Jack Cornish of art.

Question: Do you think a mixture of the art forms at Buck's Rock is desirable?

Jerry M.: Yea... It's always a great idea to have the arts come together. Still, one of the best parts of Buck's Rock is that each shop is autonomous and each shop has its own atmosphere and philosophy. Think of the differences. Each has its own educational ideas. That is why this place is so successful. I had to look around for work with dance, electronics, photography, publications, and fabric design. I wanted to.

Raffi: The arts, especially the performing arts, should work together. Music lends itself to mixture with people. You're always part of a group.

Jerry W.: Making a real attempt to have the shops work together would have a tendency to create a contrived situation, an unreal situation in which certain strong people would dominate the manner in which others work. This business of how things should be done would prevent the campers from directing themselves. It's more a matter of all the finest facilities appearing, having people who are experts in their fields. The kids use the way you might use an instrument; we're all part of a keyboard. The instrument is to be played upon rather than having the instrument influence the camper.

Larry: I think it's good for the shops to come to-

gether. It's what is happening in the outside world. Artists are going over into the various areas that they haven't gone into before. An artist may work in a field which requires the help of an electronics expert or a darkroom specialist, even though he himself may not use these materials at all. Essentially he has an idea, and to realize this idea he has to get in touch and work with other people. When I think of an artist I don't think of him primarily as an etcher, or a silk screen artist, or a photographer, but simply as an artist. Whatever it takes to work out his idea, he does that.

Probably for the camp it's better that there is some separation. Things are better organized, probably. In shops where older people work there seems to be less confusion. When you have large numbers of campers there has to be some way of keeping everything organized, because many people haven't worked with these techniques before. I think the separation is good, but it should be understood that there is a unity here.


Question: What factors are responsible for the present situation here?

Jerry M.: Artists don't work well together. Art is a very individualistic thing. When they try to get the shops together there is often friction. Whenever you get a true collaboration it's when two people achieve it on a personal basis. We usually don't achieve a head to head meeting, because that is so rough.

Raffi: Everybody is for himself here. When we do something, I go out and ask others to participate, but the others never do.

Larry: There is quite a bit of separation. One reason for this is that the shops are physically separated.

Jack: One problem is finding time when the shops could get together. It's very difficult to get the shops to arrange their differences in programs. This would be pretty hard because of facilities. The physical plan of the camp doesn't lend itself readily to this kind of progress. Many of the kids in the camp don't want or aren't ready for this kind of thing. They see things as separate entities. When you talk about intermixing media, they think it breaks down the structure of the camp, so they tend to avoid that kind of thing. A lot of kids just aren't interested, so what this camp tends to do is leave everybody where they were when they came up. The apathy of the campers here really doesn't help



much.

Question: How effective was the Forum on the Arts?

Joe: There should not be more things like the forum. What does the forum have to do with bringing things closer together? It's just more talk. Talk at Buck's Rock is not a commodity. Scratch a kid and you'll find a voice. It's true... the forums are generally not followed up by any other people, anyway.

Larry: I think we could have more group forums and discussions and group things relating to art.

Jack: The forums are never really successful, because one of the problems of talking about art is it does not matter what you say, because it has no relevance to your art at all. What we hoped would happen was that we would gain some insight about why we make art, but we were just warming up toward the end.

Question: Has any progress been made in this area?

Joe: The whole scene says, "OK, I'm cool, man, I'm so cool that I don't have to produce art, because I can talk it." Now that's what happens up here. I see it getting much worse, unfortunately.

Jerry M.: We usually just give other shops what they want. I guess there really isn't a true collaboration because that is so difficult. There has been much more progress in the past two years, however.

Raffi: I think I've seen progress from last year. For instance, in our concert now with the madrigal group, we have involved, by our own initiative, silk screen, fabric design, publications, art studio, costume shop... we also have asked the help of scenic design. Jim Zvanut has helped with some of our costumes. For the first time at Buck's Rock, I have tried to involve folk dancing with the music department. The madrigal group is going to sing a song, and the folk dancers have choreographed a dance

to the song.

Larry: I think it's beginning to happen; there still has to be more. It has to build up slowly.

Question: What can be done in the future to promote more of a community of the arts at Buck's Rock?

Joe: We need more people to work in the shops, rather than tell us why they can't work in the shops.

Raffi: I would like to see a production put on... maybe an opera, between the stage and the music department. I would like to see the art department come in and design little pictures to be hung during a concert, so there is an audio-visual effect. But I don't think there is enough of this kind of thing. For instance, why does the dance department have to use records? We have live musicians here! We can play live music to a dance. Why does the stage have to use recordings, why not musicians? That's what live music is all about. Why can't people come to us and say, "We need this and this music-- sit down and compose," or "What do you suggest?" They don't.

Jerry W.: I would leave it the way it is, definitely. Working together in the arts is not necessarily a desirable objective. I'm of the opinion it's rather difficult to improve Buck's Rock.

Larry: What I would like to do is encourage the students to do one project which may use two or more shops.

Jack: The thing to do is break down the prejudices the campers and adults have, and one way to do it may be simply to leave large open blocks of time for everybody. The people should go from shop to shop, the counselors should work together. If the forums work, there could be more of this type of discussing, rather than some of the other events.

The above remarks are a fairly representative cross section of attitudes in the shops. There are differing opinions as to what has brought about the lack of collaboration, and how it can be remedied in the future, but the general feeling seems to be that there should be some kind of pulling closer together. It remains to be seen whether or not this can be achieved.

Claude Spiro



After the Quarrel

The air is tight
tensed, restless
sorry
for yesterday's
actions

Wishing
the mood would
melt away
make room for
tranquil as

Discussions drone
on
and silence creeps in
lightly on
four silver springs.

Eyes meet
each fearful of
a smile that
might open to the dawn.
And people
huddled together
like tortured, slain
sheep

lift apart,
never to reunite,
only to meet again

© 1964 by the seidelman



A Place to Unwind

A day at the animal farm follows a pattern. First milking (in which at least one good milk fight occurs daily), then feeding, evening milking, and then evening feeding. In between, we clean stalls, wash animals, play stinky-pinky (a non-Intellectual word game), live up to our hard-earned status as official "manure movers," and perform other assorted duties.

Caring for an animal is a real responsibility, but for my part, at least, it is a joy. There is great satisfaction in knowing that you can be depended upon, knowing that an animal's never-failing trust in you is well-earned.

Working together with other people, being responsible in their eyes, creates a family in which each member does his share. Work here also teaches patience. The animals open up, in people, feelings that a too-cold society never could. Because it is so easy to be honest with animals, we learn from them how to trust each other.

So many of the people go to the farm to escape pressures, even within the camp. It's so important to have some place to retreat to, just a place in which to unwind. A sense of trust, a reassuring routine to fall back on, a general peace and quietness exists here, in a part of the camp that makes people feel contented and secure.

Ellen Levenson





And We Sing

Cool pleasant day. After lunch I go up to the music shed for madrigal rehearsal. People converge on the shed from all directions. I get my music folder. Piano playing, general noise. Talking, singing, laughing. I hear Raffi's unmistakeable bellow. Silence. Then sheet music rustling.

"Where are my tenors, people?"

"At play rehearsal." "With parents." "It's only five to one, Raffi."

"Yah, yah. Suzanna Klebanoff-a C, please. Sopranos and basses up half a note, then inner voices. Let's go!"

The rich, full sound of C major chord surrounds me. Then the next chord, and the next, and the music just comes out and...

"No, no, that's terrible!"

Here we go again. Up and up and up, then down and down. And finally we take out music.

"Okay, people, 'Tho Philomela'."

And we sing. And we do it all the way through. Smiling faces, confident, complacent.

"People it will not work. Tha was flat. 'Tho Philomela' take two."

"Raffi, were we recording?"

"Yes, I said that already!"

Here we go. It's not flat. It's beautiful. Here's the hard part-a short rest, then a quick entrance on the verse before all the fa-la-las. Up and down, sliding down the scale, and three high notes and that's it.

"And now the Bazzh.. 'Allelujah.' Come on!"

Sopranos start, then CUT! Voices getting tired, minds bored, then we start again. People getting into it; I forget my aching throat. And the end is so nice I can't wait, and I speed up, then realize, and get back in time. And then the finale and that unbelievably beautiful harmony. Then we do it again. And again.

Rehearsing for the madrigal-recorder concert continues. The "Prince Igor". Am I first or second soprano? For this, first. Who's holding the candles? I want to, but I'm not. Back to the music. Second altos don't know their part. I sit back, relax as they learn it.

"Haaa we go! First sopranos!"

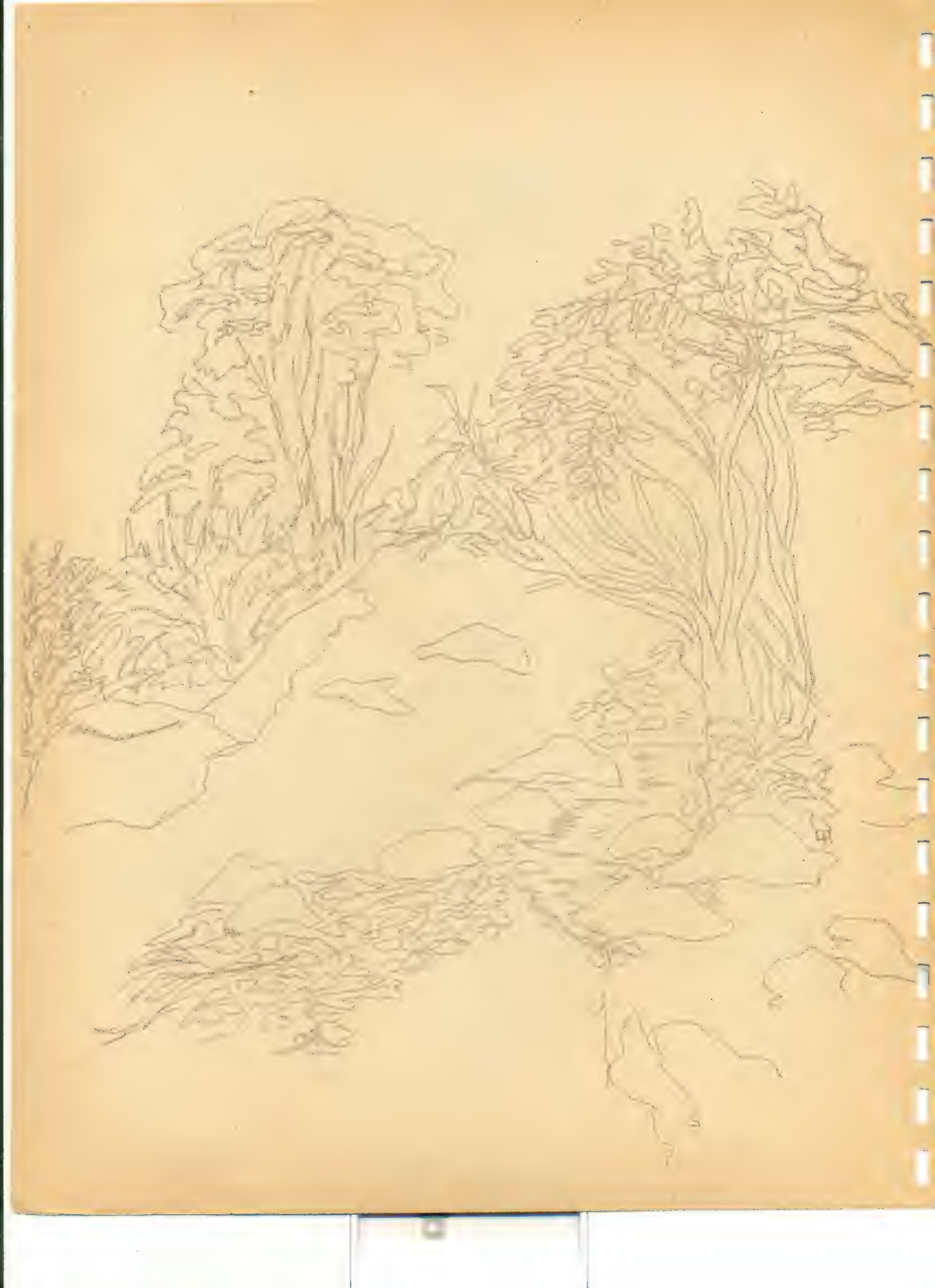
And they sing and suddenly a music stand crashes over and we all laugh and when we start again I'm still giggling. Finally, I concentrate, but my voice cracks on a high note, and I drop out for a moment and listen. Never realized before how nice this place is. Better get back in. So I do and then it's over. Raffi gives his, "If we can do it like that at the concert, fine," and we pile into the side room to put our music away, and we act like madrigals never existed. But then, if madrigals don't exist, why are some people singing as we walk towards the dining room? And why does "Allelujah" constantly run through my head?

Laurie Nelson

In Our Own Private World

Buck's Rock is so close to the rest of the world, but we could almost be on another planet. Time is different here; so much more fits into each minute, but the minutes seem short and the days shorter still. The basics remain the same; we wake up in the morning, eat, and sleep, but the resemblance ends there. At home we bum around if we're lucky; we go-to-school and work on the insidious little tasks the adults assign us; and eat and sleep, of course, but most of all toil, and the time oozes by through the little cracks of our mind. Here we create, we make things instead of buying them, we do things for ourselves instead of having to follow nasty schedules that leave us no time; we can spend all day whittling or working on a pendant or de-slipsheeting; or we can skip from shop to shop doing what we will; or we can spend all day just talking. We are removed from our parents here, we control ourselves in most everything. We don't have to eat all our vegetables, we can eat four pieces of cake if we want. Bedtime is stricter, unfortunately, but at least we have someone to talk to after getting into bed. We live amongst friends; we work amongst friends. We are for ourselves.

Meredith Lesly



We rise
when morning calls
the playing tides of sunlight
up from the grey-green hills,
and gentle winds
plant vague reflections
in the trees.

And we sing
a waking song--
for the crystal sky
in dew-time,
for the sparrow's fleeing seconds,
longing for
the tickle of a whisper.

And knowing how and why
and when,
we reach
a pace of solitude
and clasp between
our outstretched hands
the love that comes so quickly
in these frozen moments.

We are sheltered
in this valley
where the water
melts to springs,
where shadows fly
in fragrant rhythms,
telling of the day.

And somewhere in the distance,
a child dreams of laughing.

-Francie

Wind — Shaken Wood

Yes, now it's over and done with. Eleven days of early lunch so that we could rehearse afterwards. And eleven days of twelve-thirty goodnights and a few of three o'clock exhaustion. Tears now, and smiles, and "Well, it's all over," and "God, it was beautiful."

Eleven days, and in less than two hours the climax was reached, and now it's forgotten. Only the after feelings remain, quiet content, the peaceful happiness.

Nervousness before the play. Will it work all right? Will people walk out, will they laugh? Quick glances to each other. "I'm going to fall asleep before it's over." "I'm going to forget my lines." But we didn't fall asleep, and we didn't forget our lines.

OK, let's go. "To begin at the beginning: "It is Spring, moonless night in the small town..." We've started, we can't stop now. It's good, we're happy. Oh no, there's a daddy-longlegs crawling over my face. Get off of me.

--"I dote on that Gossamer Benyon, she's a lady all over." They're laughing, they like it. The tenseness is gone, we've relaxed. We're listening too. Moving together, holding on to each other. "...When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding, sweet lovers love the Spring..." Loving it, laughing now, hysterical inside.

"...Come and sweep my chimbley, Come and sweep my chimbley, Bring along your chimbley brush..." Great, really fine. But it's almost over, only Polly Garter's song is left.

"...Johann Sebastian mighty Bach. Oh, Bachfach." The audience laughs, I laugh, we all do. The anxiousness returns. Waiting now for the last wonderful moment. Did they really like it? Was it a success? No matter, we liked it.

"...the suddenly wind-shaken wood springs awake for the second dark time this one Spring day."

Blackout. Applause. We stand, we smile.

Faces converging now, almost tears, and now they spill. Yes, it's all over.

Flowers Anita. Thank you, Anita. Thank you very much.

"On August thirteenth, 1970, 'Under Milkwood' took a breath of Buck's Rock."

Karen Putterman

chatter. colored clothing. benches. excitement. expectation. anticipation. microphone. glenn's booming voice. groans. laundry day reminders. music. clapping. dancing leotards. jumping. back in the U.S.S.R. beatles. embarrassment. uncertainty. **fooling.** honey pie. flash. color organ. light. sue. orange face, smile. in black. blonde. sylvia plath. awake. questions. spotlight. scarred girl. lost beauty. sorrow. glasses gleaming. red hair. stool. guitar. presence. suzanne. captive of the night. chords. warm and chilled. **movement.** speed. flashing face flicker. screens. color slides. music. impatience. **smiles. whispers. faces.** statues. green earth sun sky. a little help from my friends. flash. click. i shall be released. restless. shouting. clapping. clapping. stretching. chewing. peter west. blonde impressions. babies. smiling. glancing. **confusion.** hopeful voice. i'll take you to the other side. violin. yuval. **alive.** flash. red. blue. bach. frenzy. neon. change. horror. grief. money. open mouth. stretching face. david schechter. **glimmer.** dirty thoughts. wicked. nervous giggling. black. lynn. guitar. green hands. toes. black light. embryonic journey. plucking. strumming. calm. **soft.** familiar. soothing. poetry. grey. reading tom clark. reading. the string. papers. dead before i was born. insanity. jochnowitz. fencing. light. red. led zeppelin. dance. lunge.

shouting. cheering. uncontrollable laughter.
smiles. yea joe. more insanity. speeded movie. **clapping.**
delay. glenn. comic. laundry commercial. crazy giggling. booing.
cheering. mimicing. **together.** rowrowrow your boat.
dancing. three people as one. sly. rhythmic. i want to
take you higher. higher. noise. terry. movement. smiles. running
on the stage. chickening out. embarrassment. happy eyes. hands.
laughter. giggling. giggling. singing. the MC dancing.
rhythmic. everyone in dance. clap.
shout. santana. soul sacrifice. chasing. reseated. energy.
shouting. more. another number. restless. bedtime story.
butcher butcher won't kill ox ox won't drink water water
won't quench fire fire won't. burn stick stick won't beat
dog dog won't bite pig piggy won't jump style and i
shan't get home tonight. right on. laughter. laughter.
disappointed groans. silly happy faces. wise cracks.
confusion. **GOODNIGHT.** clapping. singing. candles. fire.
GONE. GOODNIGHT.

ronnie rom.

Befuddled, But Not For Long



This article, being written by two weary, overworked, and thoroughly appreciated CIT's of the Publications Shop, the night before Yearbook Collation, promises to be slightly different.

Right now, the shop is exploding with typewriters, Gestetner machines, slipsheets, stencils, Loufredglennsmernit, copycopycopy, and many assorted miscellaneous people who seem to get lost between the floorboards. But the best thing, the most lasting image in the shop tonight, is Ernst, who, while patiently waiting to see his interview, stands at a table de-slipsheeting.

In his Dylan Thomas voice, Lou, smelling of 6-12, announces that Ernst has added his name to the time-honored list of de-slipsheeters. The cranks grind to a stop, typewriters click their last, Fred almost looks up from his dummy, and all the assorted miscellaneous people climb up from the floor-boards onto whatever stools they can find (Lou's, Fred's, Sue's), forming a dense, wriggling, noisy circle around the befuddled Ernst—for the first time at a loss for words—and his precious pile of slipsheeted pages. Befuddled yes, but not befuddled for long, for when he sees that he has an audience, he demonstrates a stir of life and begins hamming it up. One by one he milks each slipsheet for applause and cheers. The look of confidence that grows on his face, combined with his novel de-slipsheeting techniques, provokes looks of amazement and disbelief in the audience.

Excitement builds as his pile of de-slipsheeted pages inches upward. The crowd cheers as he squares his stack. And finally, upon completion of his pile, amidst more cheers and whistles, he is presented with the shop's treasured golden solid cardboard slipsheet. The inevitable comes to pass; it is another acceptance speech: "Well, I want to thank you for this very great honor. This is truly a momentous occasion." Ernst is overcome with emotion: "The day after tomorrow is laundry day."

Francie Camper, Jon Victor

A Fringe of Shade... And Beethoven

Even after two previous visits, I was still amazed by the luxurious softness of the grass at Tanglewood. I was struck again by the largeness of things -- the enormous garbage cans, the vast lawn, the crowds of people -- and I noticed new small details, like a drooping branch that had grown into the ground. There was the usual indescribable meal and then the wandering search for a place to sit. We chose a fringe of shade, and sat and talked and laughed, and then went to the music store to buy a miniature score of Beethoven's Seventh. As I was paying for it, a group of Buck's Rock madrigalists came strolling past, singing a ragged version of Mozart's Drinking Canon. The cashier laughed so hard that he dropped my money. Apparently there is a set of completely unprintable lyrics to the canon.

We walked back to our stake in the shade, and talked some more, and then I heard, for the first time, Beethoven's Egmont Overture. I liked it, especially the trumpet fanfares that came towards the end. Sitting on the lawn I couldn't hear too much of the Piano Concerto #3, since the softer piano portions didn't carry beyond the shed. I'd never heard Ashkenazy live, and it was frustrating to know that he was playing and I couldn't hear.

During the intermission, we collected a minor crowd to share our score. We followed the whole symphony -- singing, conducting, commenting, hearing and seeing the genius in the piece, annoying the people around us. And then it was over, and we reluctantly got up and moved towards the bus.

Coming back, I was too full to do more than look at the sky through the tinted glass of the bus window. I could still hear the music vividly, and I didn't want to lose it.

Sheila Rosenzweig





Roberta
Edelen

I knew it from the beginning. That clumsy, ugly monster whom everyone taunted as it bel-
lowed from its cage was going to walk down the
street in a gentleman's suit. I spent the first
two weeks of camp bragging about how we were
different now, how WBBC was going to make it.

Cliff Bedford, our expert technician, led
the brute monster down the road for a month but
it wasn't refined enough yet. Children mocked
it, and all it could do was scream back, as
helpless as ever in its clean clothes.

As July ended, we found that the station
wasn't really any better than it had been any
other season. Since there were only the usual
five of us there, we blamed it on ourselves.
Cliff decided to transform the shack into an
authentic radio station. We would make a big
thing out of it for the world to see. So we
reasoned with the monster, put it into a white
suit, and prepared to shove it onto the street.

We readied for the momentous dedication
ceremony throughout the first week in August.
Nails flew, posters went up, while the masses
thought it was just the weekly breakdown. Ob-

The Friendly Monster

sessed with the unthinkable thought that no one would show up on Dedication Sunday, we spent the final hours attending to every detail, having a good time in the process. We even had a staff outing to Carvel's to buy the 39¢ red ribbon for the ceremony.

As the first five kids staggered up the dusty trail to our new station, it looked like we had been outdone by Women's Lib as a public spectacle. In desperation, I pinned up a "Free Food at BBC" sign at the overpriced selling stand. It must have worked.

After the entire camp had savored its lunch, many of them swarmed towards the station—in search of something. Audience involvement at last! They foundered in masses of silkscreens, gold records, and guided tours.

A "surprise" guest, Ernst, gave an "off-the-cuff" talk and is believed to have said such things as "Bob Steiner is WBBC and WBBC is Bob Steiner."

Then everyone had a chance to win a BBC CIT for a day of slavery. The drawing never took place, but the crowds left happy and hopeful anyway. Everything had gone "as smoothly as a program day" and things looked good until the amplifier blew up.

But the new giant of WBBC rose up again and got back into the fight. Those who tried to train him in the past and failed were wrong. The monster is good.

Dave Shwalb



Color us Blank

Noncommittal is the sad word for Buck's Rockers. Discussions have no direction; they wallow. Pose an obvious question and you will get the obvious answer; ask someone else if he agrees and he says, "No," before rewording the same answer.

Consider the first meeting to decide what the CIT play should be. Anita Barzman, drama CIT, suggested "Under Milk Wood" by Dylan Thomas to sixty CIT's presenting faces that challenged her to interest them. She explained how it was especially suited as a CIT play -- it would involve a large cast but little costuming, scenery, or special effects. She explained the need for a quick decision and asked for other suggestions. A dozen CIT's each gave a pitch for his particular suggestion but ignored the need to avoid a small cast and complex technical aspects. Nearly everyone wanted to postpone decision -- they had not read all the other plays or they were unsure "Under Milk Wood" would be the best choice. The CIT's agreed to meet again after three days. I failed to see how they could read up on the other plays in three days or find a play much more appropriate than "Under Milk Wood." Three days later, many still felt that there hadn't been enough time to decide. Of course, three months wouldn't have been time enough. They decided to see who would definitely oppose and who would definitely not oppose putting on "Under Milk Wood." Few would commit themselves -- hence the decision,

This general mood colors the camp: The gong is frequently rung twice to lure enough people to evening

activities; ceramics advertises for campers to complete glazing their pots, art offers canvases sold at a discount, fabric design must say that a quilt will be made of unfinished fabric, sculpture threatens to discard unfinished works, and the woodshop says that the unfinished wooden bowls are lonely. Counselors must look for devices to attract us to shops that once swarmed with campers. This is most upsetting. "Noncommittal" means uncreative, inactive, vague. This was particularly crucial in publications, a shop that requires extreme commitment and precision. Only shock -- the threat that there might not even be a yearbook -- convinced people to commit themselves. But the cause went beyond the shop; this has been a noncommittal summer.

Part of my memory of this summer will be the all-pervasive reluctance to get involved. Maybe it is a lack of spirit, maybe old-fashioned lethargy. But a summer could be much more effervescent than this one was.

Jon Victor

to any idol

In the realm,
the round realm which I travel,
where I see true flowers
on false terraces
in hopeless gardens
tossed by the breath of absent skies,

where tears too often
melt the idols
of my labors

I sit in the space that is mine
and see you,
and since you seem to know
I ask you,
why travellers and singers,
children of beauty like you
and me
are given garden plots and seeds
with which to grow our stories,
but no water,
and only light
from the depths of caves.

you are not
a shopwindow saint
whose eyes follow me
as I try to fly.

Your eyes do not hide secrets,
but are empty;
for to the questions,
Where is the tower
in which I may be
a lovely lady with long golden hair, and
Where is my prince to awaken me, and
Where is my castle, so that
I may be a princess,
you answer only

I too am waiting and
I too am wanting.
There are no happy endings
in this place.
Go back to your garden.

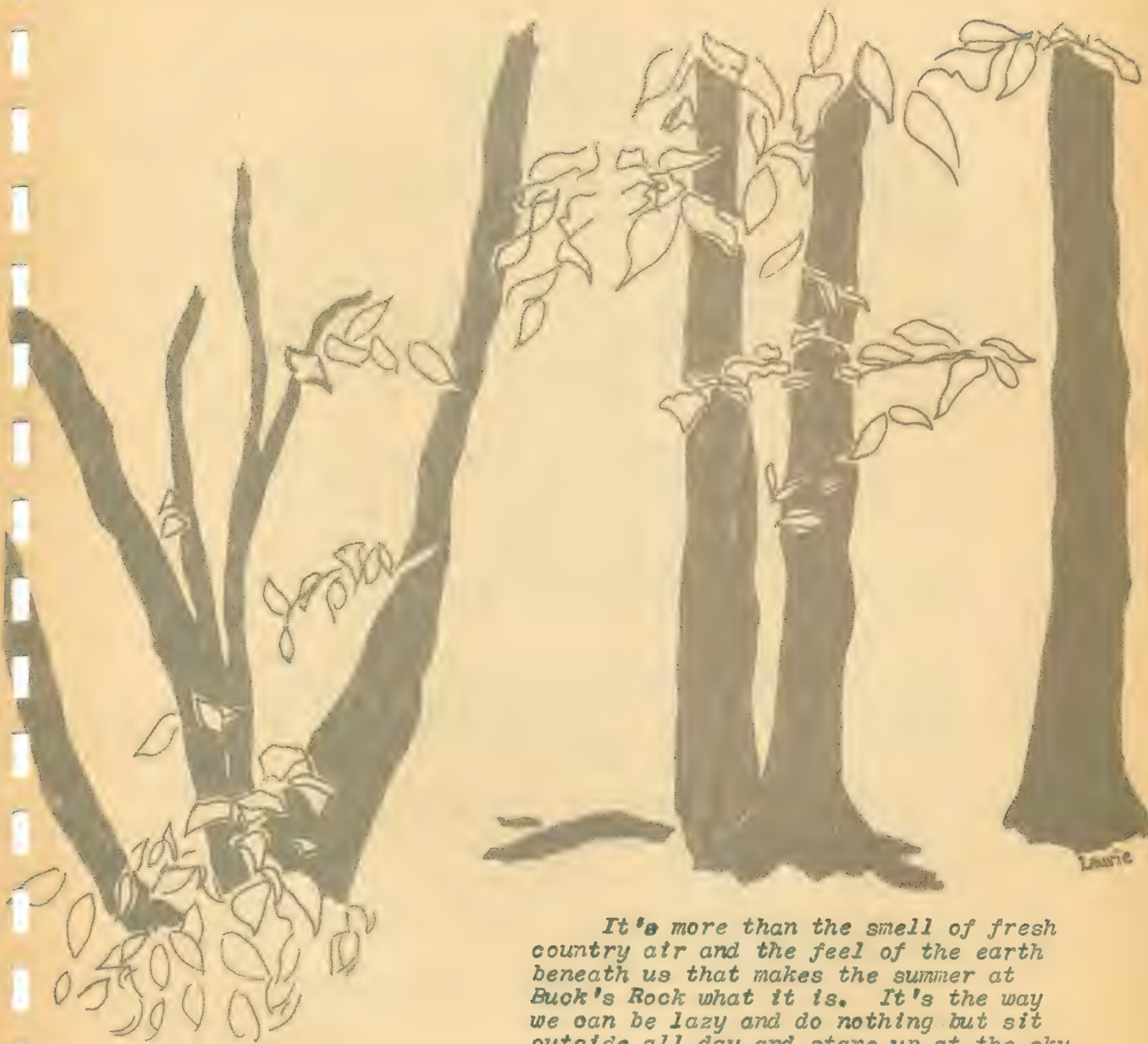
and I go.
but know this,
pretty stone statue.
elders who care not
for the games of children
will never hear my songs,
or see me
when finally I fly.

Anita Barzman



we grow with the land





It's more than the smell of fresh country air and the feel of the earth beneath us that makes the summer at Buck's Rock what it is. It's the way we can be lazy and do nothing but sit outside all day and stare up at the sky. When we are depressed, it's being able to walk on the sloping grasses and forget our depression. In a happy mood, it's running down to the art studio to create a "masterpiece" or running up to the farm and feeding the animals.

And it's the way the many people here fit into the many pieces of architecture. They go together like pieces of puzzle. The circle of shops in the center of camp and the bunks, like

the cramped girls annex, give us a feeling of closeness. And still, in the midst of these hills that seem to go on forever, we don't feel closed in.

It's sleeping on the lawn, under a great bunch of weeping green. It's watching the gathering of orange fire rise in the morning, and lying on our backs in a field of flowing yellow. Pulling a weed from the ground and chewing on it on our way to dinner; this is the summer.

And it's going down the cool shady path to the waterhole, feeling the dead pine needles under our feet. It's sitting on the grass and letting the rain fall over us, then squishing our hands in the mud. Standing on top of Chicken Hill, and looking out at the rolling blue and green. Sitting deep in the forest behind the rehearsal stage, listening to the quiet; this too is the summer.

It's kicking a green crab apple down the bumpy Buck's Rock road, breaking a twig off a tree and hurling it into space. It's feeling the earth beneath our feet change, as we walk through camp, from soft, light soil to pavement to grass.

And it's looking up at the clear bright moon in the night sky, watching it travel through the trees. It's drifting into sleep, faintly hearing the crickets cry to each other.

Throughout the summer, we grow with the land that has become part of us.

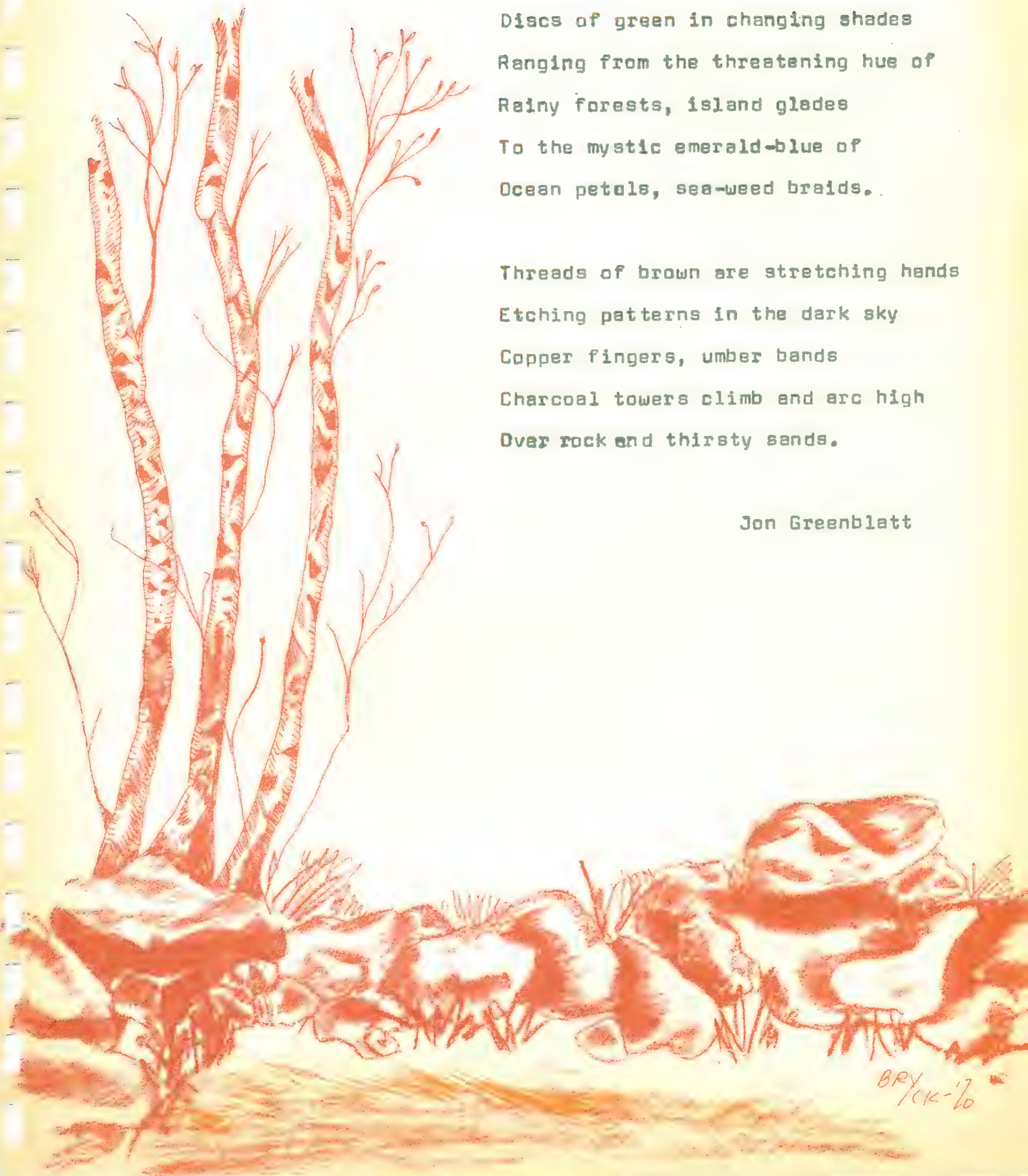
carol anne seidelman

Trees

Discs of green in changing shades
Ranging from the threatening hue of
Rainy forests, island glades
To the mystic emerald-blue of
Ocean petals, sea-weed braids.

Threads of brown are stretching hands
Etching patterns in the dark sky
Copper fingers, umber bands
Charcoal towers climb and arc high
Over rock and thirsty sands.

Jon Greenblatt



From the brown earth
Up the tall stem
The white hard fuzz tickles
Heart-shaped green leaves
Feel like an old man's hand
Crossed and veined
Tired and dry
Climbing up further
Up and up and up and up to
Pointed bright green sepals
Sticky with syrup
Hug the flower
Love the flower
Pale new green marchers in the center
Regimented clockwise
Surrounded by golden sergeants
Carriers of the seed
Protectors of future promises
The flower bursts into joy
Golden elation
Yellow delight
The petals they screamed pure ecstasy
And the sun smiled

Darien Smolar

Deception

Diamonds shining
In water
Fooling
Human eyes
Dulling
As the sun
Disappears
Revealing worthless stones

Amy Leventhal



Rainwinds
circle the baring trees
and fly the tangled grasses,
the braided twigs to shelter
from the storm.

The fruited woods
are moaning now, holding
the last faltering flames
of heat in waiting--

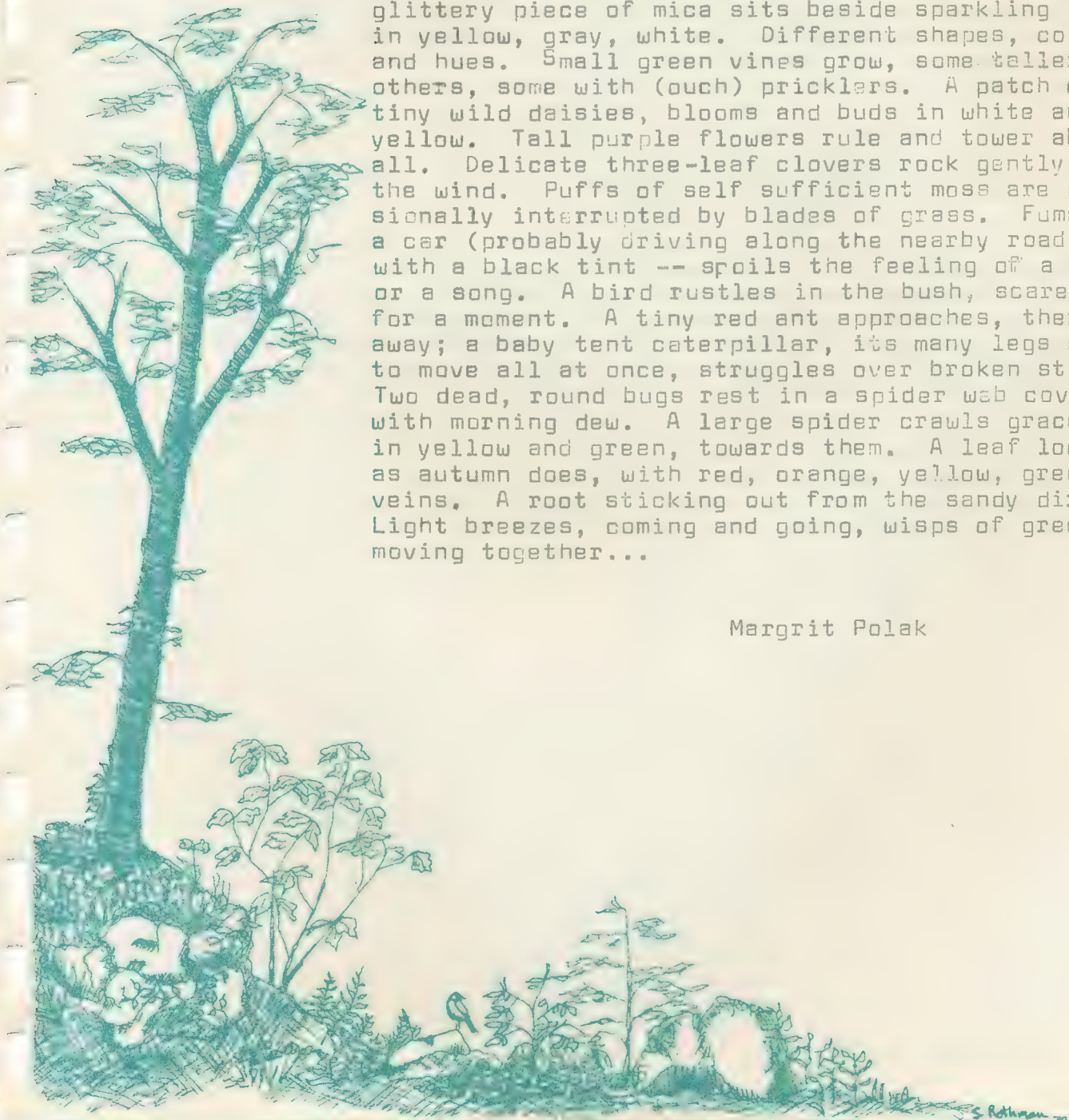
And as the first drops fall,
we will search the turning sky,
looking for the color of the rain.

Francie

In Days of the Sun: Thicket of Sun

Sitting on a rock, worn with age and covered with moss ... Not so long ago, someone spilled black paint or tar onto it in shapeless splatters. A glittery piece of mica sits beside sparkling pebbles in yellow, gray, white. Different shapes, colors, and hues. Small green vines grow, some taller than others, some with (ouch) pricklers. A patch of tiny wild daisies, blooms and buds in white and yellow. Tall purple flowers rule and tower above all. Delicate three-leaf clovers rock gently in the wind. Puffs of self sufficient moss are occasionally interrupted by blades of grass. Fume from a car (probably driving along the nearby road) white with a black tint -- spoils the feeling of a poem or a song. A bird rustles in the bush, scares me for a moment. A tiny red ant approaches, then turns away; a baby tent caterpillar, its many legs seeming to move all at once, struggles over broken sticks. Two dead, round bugs rest in a spider web covered with morning dew. A large spider crawls gracefully, in yellow and green, towards them. A leaf looking as autumn does, with red, orange, yellow, green veins. A root sticking out from the sandy dirt. Light breezes, coming and going, wisps of green moving together...

Margrit Polak



Free, Restricted and Wild

There are many creative buildings in Buck's Rock. There are those that are well designed, easily constructed, and beautiful to see. And then there are those which may not be constructed as well, but which still hold special beauty in that they were designed by the campers. Beauty may range from the A-frame to a small boxy cabin on the hillside of Buck's Rock. Each has its own special attraction.

Several architects have designed buildings in Buck's Rock. One of them was Reinhard Bishop, who designed the Girls House and Boys House. Originally, there were three dormitories in this style. The first house burned down in 1942, when the Buck's Rock grounds were on loan to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. The fire was started by a cigarette left burning in the building. In the spring of 1950, the original Boys House burned down, probably due to lightning. With only limited time to rebuild the house, the builders simply used the same foundation and rebuilt an identical Boys House.

Another influence on Buck's Rock architecture was Jesse Adler, who headed the CCC up to 1964. Jesse was responsible for the A-frame, the Arc (described by a counselor as "two rooms with a hole in the middle") The Octagon, the Woodshop, part of the Science Lab, and various other buildings. Jesse's widow, Doris Adler, says of Jesse: "He had the kids make



designs and bring them to him. The group worked on different designs together. He tried to build as many types of buildings as possible, in order to show the campers different types of architecture. Jesse was an inspiring man, who related well to young people.

"Of course, Jesse was hardly the builder that Arnie Zlotoff is. Jesse would have loved to learn from Arnie the many skills Arnie has. The men are so different; they are uncomparable."

Arnie Zlotoff has had a great influence on Buck's Rock architecture since 1964, when he became head of the CCC. He is responsible for the Publications Shop, the Art Studio, the Music Shed, the Electronics Shop, the Canteen, and several other buildings, including the new Costume Shop. Arnie says this of his work: "The buildings I have built since 1964 are basically the same. The design that I use is the most functional (the sturdiest, and pleasing to the eye) and economical; it is also the simplest to build that I have found. If we find a better design, one that fills all these needs, we will use it. The design is basically the same on all the buildings. Of course, it is varied for the usage of the building." Arnie builds buildings that are functional in all respects.

Freedom can get out of hand, and a good example of



this is the Girls Annex. No architect could or would call this monster his own. The Annex seems to be a gigantic afterthought -- it is all an addition to a strange idea. The building seems to be a great tangled hallway, that intertwines around the rooms. Ernst says, "The Annex grew because of necessity. Originally there were four rooms and bathrooms. We needed more, so we annexed the Annex. Then more girls came than we thought would come, so we annexed the Annex again. And again, and again." It does take some creativity to live in the Girls Annex. Finding your way in and out may make you feel like a mouse in a maze.

The spirit of Buck's Rock is reflected in its buildings. The architecture is as regulated as we are; free and restricted and wild. That's what makes Buck's Rock architecture so interesting; there is oddity in the realm of sameness, and they come together as one.

Richard Carlin

Bottomless Birdcage

Gentle hints build until the conclusion is inescapable. You are greeted by the red rundown airpump, cranium opened and gears exposed. It guards a confused pile of logs and a patch of rusty tailpipes. Then you pass a large calloused albino foot, bigger than its creator, and a toilet seat (or is it a horseshoe). Before you now should be a modern-style crucifix, but its hands are drooping denim jackets and its head is a yellow and blue emblem with red, white, and silver stripes. Its chest answers the ultimate question: burned in to the wood is the caption, "Sculpture."

But you haven't reached the pinnacle. Ignore the works in progress; they are only meant to distract you. Don't fall into the chickenwire tent, half covered with cement -- an incomplete, overgrown wasp's nest. Stand boldly on the edge of the cliff and discover a new Mediterranean of cardboard, iron, and pails. There is a large metal cylinder that could have been an iron lung or a water heater but is now home to plaster pimples.

Another center of interest is the happy group of a sideways bicycle wheel, an overturned electric heater, and a bottomless birdcage whose inmate is a corroded galvanized pail surrounded by brown corrugated cardboard boxes, some with all four sides and a bottom, some with two sides and a bottom, and some just bottoms. Let your eye trace the course of the green garden hose from there up the slope as it becomes tangled on a thin, felled limb, to the more recent dumpings. A community of chocolate drink cartons bids to engulf the orange drink carton community; their architecture is Buck's Rock Modern, for no two cartons face the same way.

Jon Victor

windhair flies over tall grass and the tiny yellow flowers your sister used to pick for you. Still lying awake comes the green, the stones and the insects. Clearer than legs and arms, the blue clouds drift behind. In mid-morning the air runs like honey, travels, horse-jumps over the hills, settles as lemonade for afternoon. Small bits of fungus planets rest silent under a mothering tree; the sun is one color-white. Dead branches curve 'round rocks small and fingered, weeds yellow and dead. Live trees stand as fairy tales - conceived of, spun and woven. I am awakening; the pictures behind me begin to whistle.

ronnie rom



I was sitting outside, as I often do, reading The Electric Koolaid Acid Test, when I was struck by a sudden thought. The acidheads in the book were busy explaining how, if they concentrated, they could make anything happen, and though I had never touched the stuff, I figured, if they can do it, so can I. The sun was sitting up there merrily, definitely laughing at my idea, but what could I lose? So I sat there and thought and concentrated and certainly attracted enough stares for my intense concentration, but I didn't care because I WAS PROVING SOMETHING TO MYSELF AND THAT SMIRKING SUN. As I was saying, I sat and sat and after about five minutes I took a break to glance up at the sky. Oh my God! These three heavy grey clouds were racing each other trying to get to camp first, and a fourth was trailing behind, rooting on the one that looked like a lopsided cow. Power, I snickered to myself, and went back to concentrating. After another couple of minutes I looked up again, and sure enough the cow had won, but the other three weren't far behind and there were a few more following. The sun was scared out of his freaking mind, and was hiding his face behind the cheerleader one. Ha!. That'll show you, I told the sun silently. You'll never laugh at me again.

Brainstorm

Laura came up behind me and asked me what I was doing, but I didn't answer and she stomped off quite angrily. I didn't really care. I mean what right did she have to disturb me, the great rainmaker? And sure enough I



was, because I could see the first raindrops falling onto my book. Boy, I showed those acidheads too, didn't I? And it was getting heavier and heavier. I could see all the kids out at the whateveritwas seminar all racing across the field for cover, and my book was getting awfully wet, but I didn't care. It was MY rain.

Suddenly, this lightning bolt comes streaking out of the sky like my cat with a dog after her and WHAM! smack into a nearby tree. That's when I started getting scared. That was a little close for comfort. O.K. clouds, you did your bit, now get out of here, O.K? Only it wasn't. Oh God, I went and did it again. I never learn to keep my mouth shut and my thoughts to myself.

Well, I have never prayed so long and so hard in my life, and when, two hours later, the rain finally stopped, I told myself that I had better switch to Lord of the Rings. It's safer.

Meredith Lesly



Under Greenwood

...and I haven't written home in at least a week, so after searching for stamps and a decent pen, I head towards the lawn.

As I walk down the road, I notice the pleasant greenness. A group of people, five or more, are sitting around Roy, who is leaning against an oak tree, playing his guitar. I stop to listen, but remember about the letters and move up in the direction of the campfire site. Just before I sit down, I notice two others writing letters near one of the abstract sculptures. One of them has been working on a punch rug which reminds me of a slightly cloudy sky. Beside the other sculpture, a friend is reading Lord of the Rings. I sit down and talk with him a while.

The sun beats down hard. I stroll over to the other end of the lawn and sprawl out in the shadow of a huge fir tree. But Buffy is giving a guitar lesson and, distracted, I sit next to her and listen. When the lesson ends I get up and see scattered groups of three or four campers just talking. The atmosphere is very friendly and I wave to nearly everyone. Lying down on the grass to begin the letter, I notice someone sketching someone else, who is doing an oil painting of Roy, who is leaning against an oak tree, which is...

David Kumin



Rock of Ages

Buck's Rock, almost three centuries ago, was being explored, inhabited, and cultivated as a place in the New World. There were no bunks, shops, or dining halls. It was without farms, tennis courts, and the corral.

John Buck, the third settler to come upon these acres of forest, stayed for a short period of time, but then left for Pennsylvania. Not liking it there, he returned and bought land from the Indians. He built a road extending from what is now New Milford to Mount Tom. Here Buck made his home.

Many years later, a farmer who owned and lived on the land wanted to sell it. Ernst, who had been a headmaster in England and then principal of a school in America, heard of the offer and decided he wanted a change. Not liking the type of camps there were in America, Ernst started Buck's Rock as a new kind of camp, set up as he thought camps should be.

The dark, shadowy closeness of World War II fell upon Buck's Rock. Too young to fight, the 10-16 year olds who came here made a contribution to the war effort. The older campers traveled by truck to other farms, helping with the work that needed to be done. The first year, there were about 120 campers; these were the Buck's Rock Farmers and the Junior Farmers, each working for four hours in two shifts.

The younger campers worked hard too. Where the archery field is now, was a cornfield. Where the **corral** is today, tomatoes were grown.

Using plows and workhorses, these 10-13 year olds cultivated the land. The plow was so heavy that Ernst pushed it while the kids led the horses.

The gong was a present from the Ridgefield, Connecticut, Fire Department, which had used it as a fire alarm. The lawn was a barren hill until Ernst and Ilse planted trees on it. The two weeping willows were a present from counselors on the camp's tenth anniversary.

In the past 28 years the camp has changed, becoming more of a creative camp than a farm camp. The art shop moved from a small unimportant building in the farm area into the center of camp, as did printing, publications, and photography.

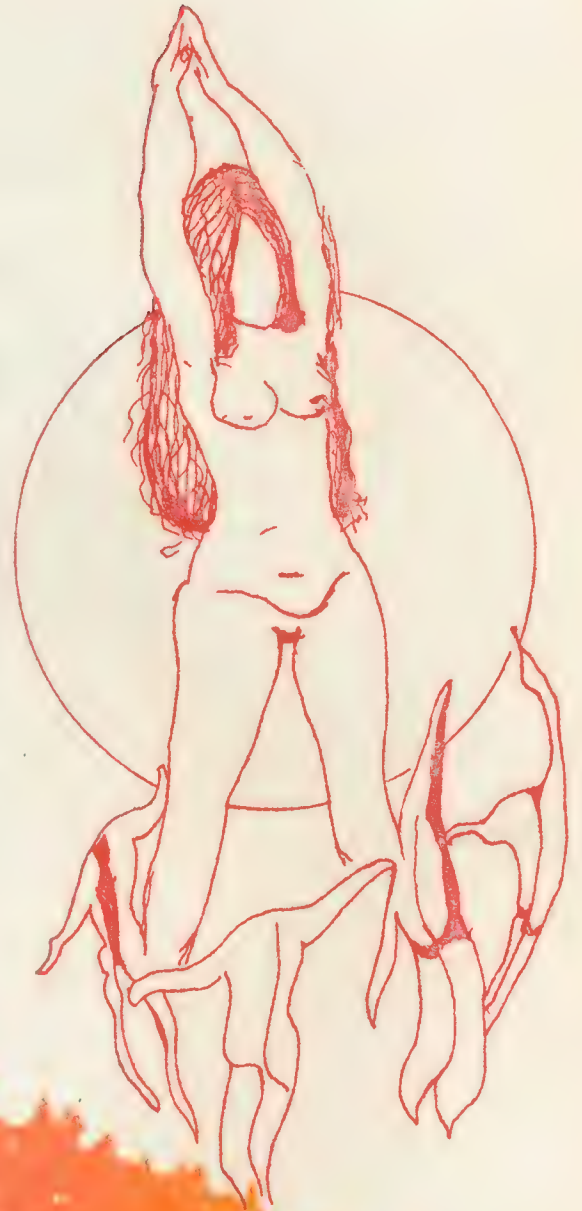
Under the rec hall is a large, flat, square rock which was probably once used as a trading post. Because the rock stands on what once John Buck's land, it was named for him: Buck's Rock. Perhaps it is the only thing that has stayed the same in the history of the camp.

Madeleine Schachter

The Deposing

Diana smiles into coal black night, piercing it with her arrows. Bearing shafts of light she unleashes a single beam to guide the lonely crowd below. Around her dance her distant, crystal manservants, bowing and swaying in awe of her glory. She grows weary and her arrows falter. Trees lose the once ghastly appearance of their great skeletal fingers as the sky slowly erupts. Diana shrieks and summons her legions, but all is in vain. The gates of dawn burst open wide and Apollo's flaming chariot dashes across the smoke-filled sky. Diana must retreat from the approaching inferno. The orange disk blooms into a huge aurora of heat as its golden spears wake sleeping fields. Unnoticed, Diana fades, passing vast celestial seas of blue and gray till twilight breaks.

Bob Flatow



Night Song

The crickets are out tonight, their calls flying in corkscrews, timed rhythms, first one, then another, then both, then one...They echo, never ceasing, until their cries flow together and are lost to the darkness. The crickets are only sounds.

The mist hangs so heavy tonight, tiny droplets suspended in a velvet covering, thickening, coating the sky and guiding distant lights into the trees. It falls in warming shadows through the grasses and the sleeping roads, over the hills and still further.

The night inches blacker with each passing second. The flight of time is steady now, it cannot be seen or stopped in the river of dark. It bellows into the boundless black, leaving the crickets in its wake.

Tonight, only they, and the moon, can break the still.

Francie



photo by Jed Nuchtern

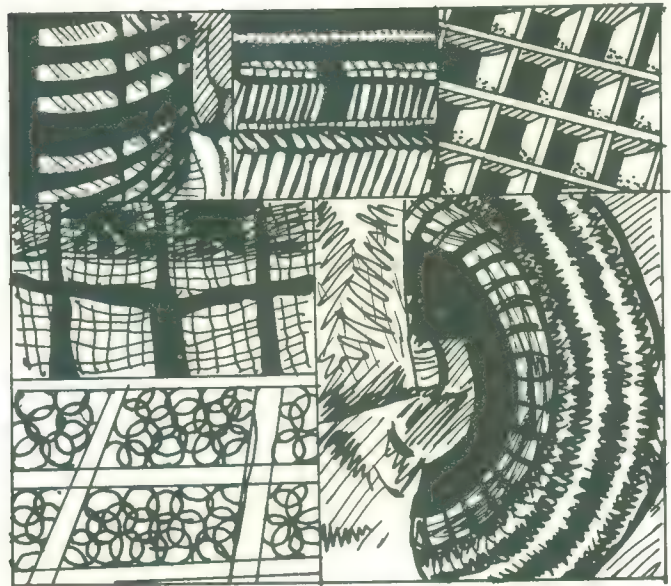
The crossing grains
and silver ripples
mingle into aging spheres
from one dimension to the next
and gently lose their focus

In shingled alleys
where the moving treads
are felled.
A tangled spring unwinds
inside these untracked walls
and casts a restless movement
deep beneath the splintered frame

to drop the locked-in fragments
at its touch.
The fibers etched in coils
turn to knotholes
while the question burns
the wood to rotted ash.
Like an uncalled benediction

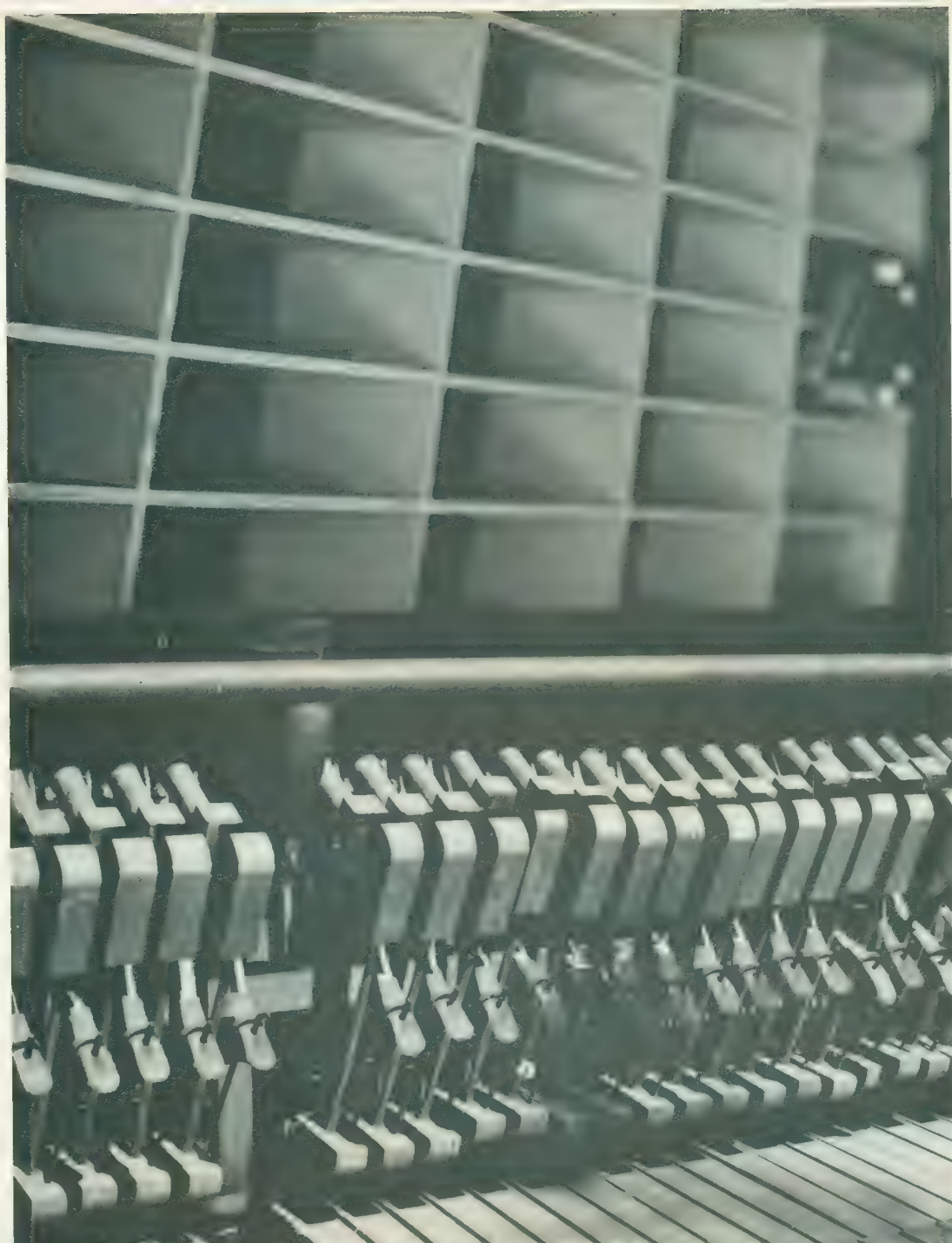
the sound moves circles
in between the perfect rows
to dull the sharpness.
The patterns are the forest
sounds, the rumbling roads
and crying rain--
the patterns are the boundaries
of answers.

Francie Camper



ANDREA BRYCK

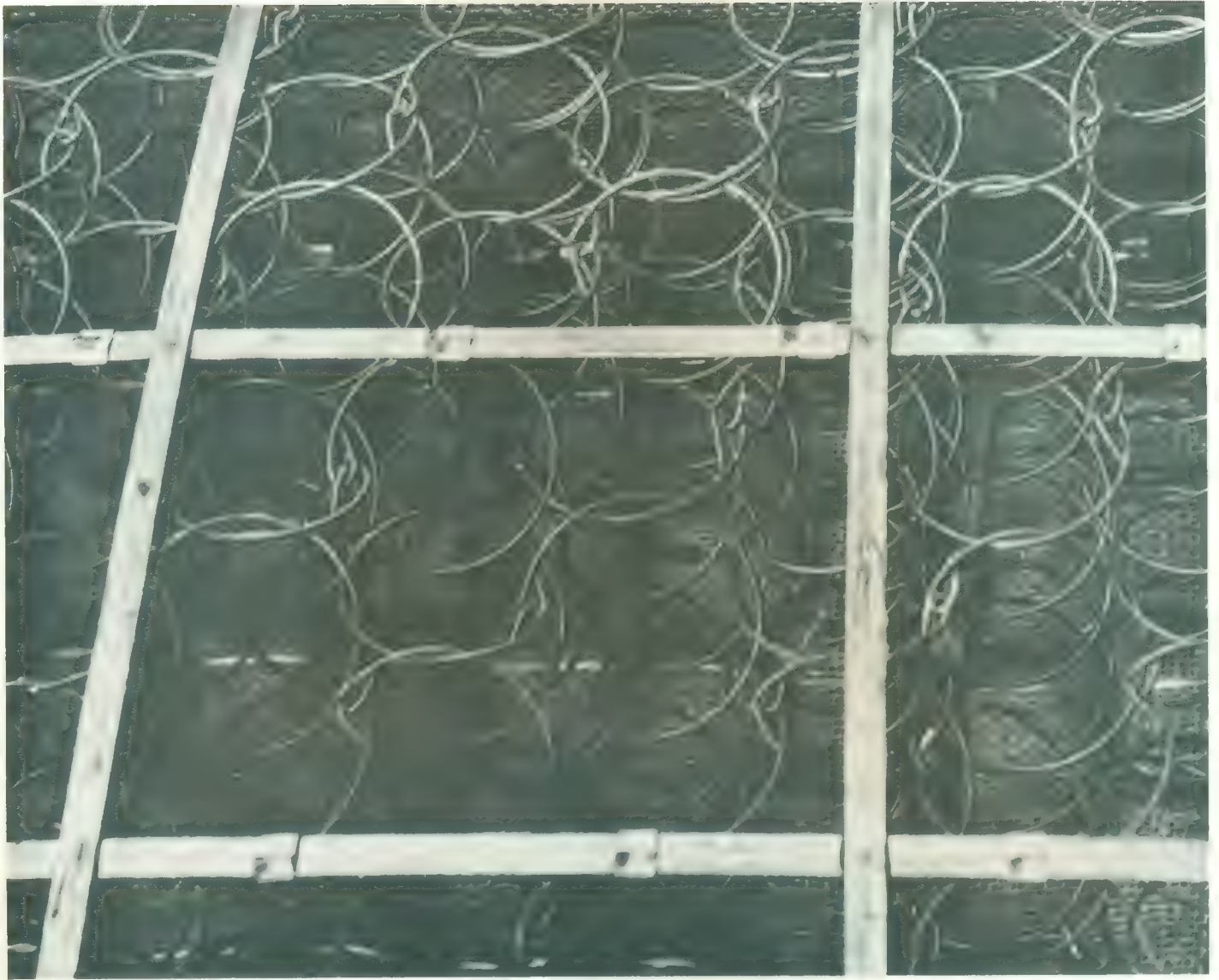
DAVID WEISS



DANNY PEARL

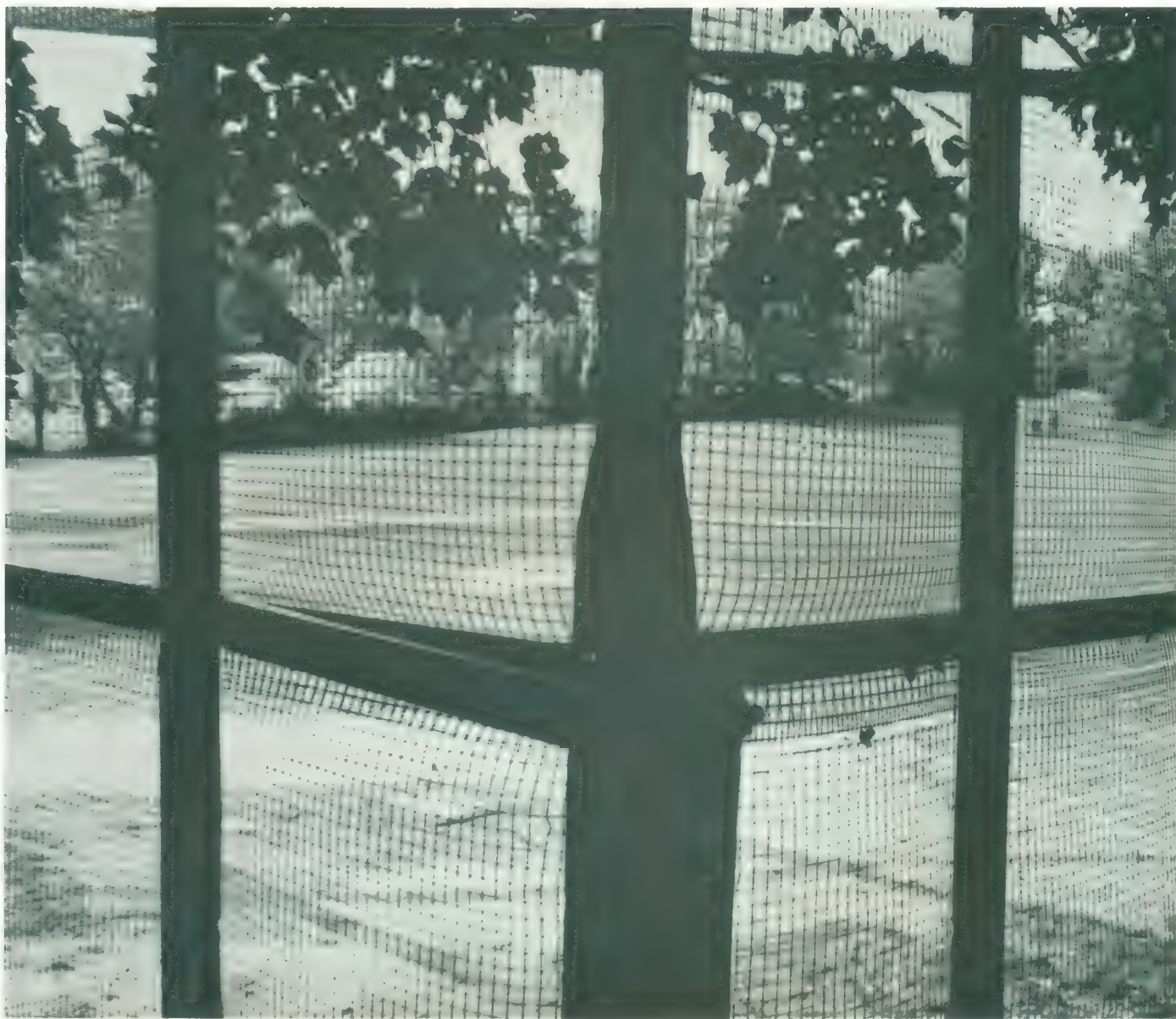


DAVID WEISS



DAVID WEISS





LEO ORENSTEIN

The Rehearsal Stage at Night

Late at night, when all is black and gray, mystical rites are performed in the woods. There are still some who worship nature, with all its beauties and horrors. A spirit exists in every leaf, rock, and blade of grass. And also in the sky, moon, and sun. The sun. Warmth, growth, and life stem from it. The sky is empty. The moon. Cold and white. Darkness of sky and cold moonlight. One ray of white moonlight penetrates the trees, casting a pale glow on everything. A low chanting is heard. Each tree hears it, and knows that it is time. For what? One silver note on a flute blends in with the chant in the moonlight. Does man exist here, in this perfect commune of nature and darkness? Slowly, and silently, for the chant has stopped, and the flute has never known the touch of human lips, the column files into the grove of trees. There is then complete darkness. The Druids start their secret ceremonies, and even the crickets have stopped chirping. In the night the priests worship nature. And when the dawn breaks, they return to nature. And the woods are again pure and silent, except for the birds.

Laurie Nelson

The Cycle of Days

The landscape at Buck's Rock has an intimate effect on creativity. Here you get a chance to walk in the woods with a sketch pad and pencil, to view the different facets of trees, flowers and foliage. When I hear the wind swaying the trees and see the high branches move in all directions, I feel like capturing the mood on paper -- the effect of a moment. I'm part of this delicate interaction.

Music is transformed by nature into an especially satisfying experience. When I practice the piano, a chorus of rustling accompanies me. The rustling swells as the intensity of the music deepens, and calms as the soft notes fade.

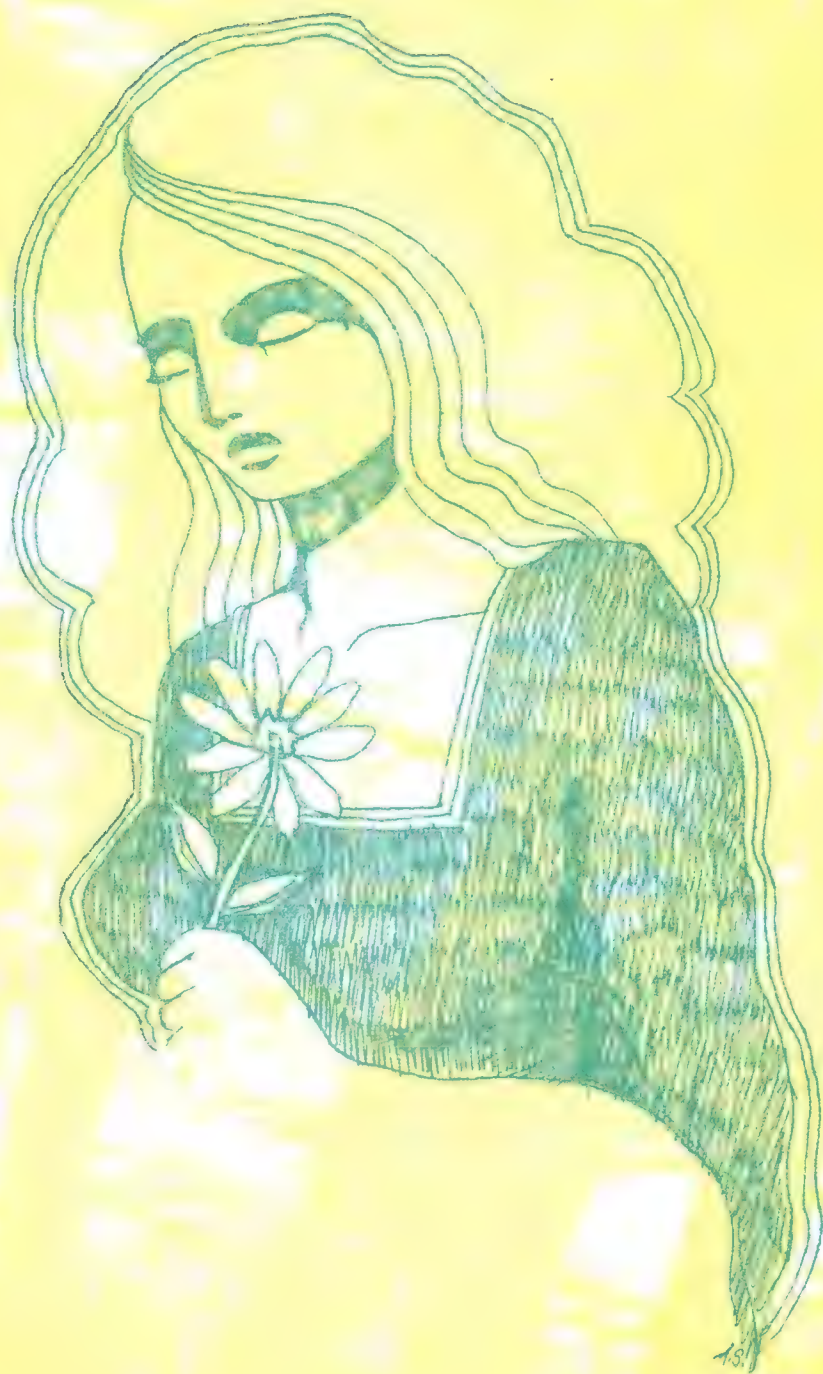
Working at the weaving studio is a gentle pleasure because of its location. Although it is only a short distance from the center of camp, the shop seems secluded. Somehow, the people are entranced by the mood. There may be quiet conversation, but there is no obligation to talk. While you work on a belt, shawl, or rug you listen to the deceptive stillness of nature



and you learn that there
is much happening over which
you have no control. The cycle
of days is vividly shown to me when
the sun sets and sheds its radiance on
my rug.

I find that the sights and sounds of
nature enable me to cope with the problems and
possibilities of Buck's Rock. They fill me with
an internal, spiritual freedom. I can feel it when
I am secure and free of my worries. My mind is active
even though I am not consciously directing it. This feel-
ing of emotional relaxation enables me to do creative work
that is both enjoyable and meaningful.

Frances Gutzwiller



we work in wind to comfort
long and waking silences in bright-shady sky
over fields that shake at birth.

tumbling,
tumbling around dead hay
hungry pain that ends fulfilled
in hazy light
in hazy mind
where everything begins to live

watered thoughts run over rocks
breathings take over the air,
grasses grow out of eyes
dying,
falling,
begin again.
no time to hold every world still, slowly together—
only stars reflect and count every beginning.

ronnie rom



SHOP PHOTO

'Necessity of Making Choices'

Q. I want to ask you about your reactions to our theme, which is the environment of Buck's Rock.

A. First let me tell you what I think about environment in general. I think it is one of many factors that can be interpreted as inhibiting man's freedom. It is true that the psychologists think that the first five years of life over which a child has no control are formative for his character in that whatever happens during those five years predetermines his attitudes in most directions; the sociologists think that the class that the person belongs to determines his reactions, behavior, and attitudes; the religionists would say that God and predestination are decisive and that man has little control and is subject to the will of God; and some philosophers think that the philosophical convictions of the people that surround an individual determine his ideas; the scientists would think that the scientific inventions are responsible for man's reactions; the economists would say that economic circumstances, which have a life of their own, and over which man has little control, determine his behavior, existence, reactions, and so on.

We could go through all these environmental influences and could rightly ask ourselves, what is really left for man to do on his own, since all kinds of influences that we may not even understand are at work to determine his reactions, his attitudes, form his character, and account for his beliefs, doubts, and whatever. And now, we try to maintain that, although there is an element of truth in all these assertions, man still has choices --- provided that he is aware of the fact that he has choices, provided that he exercises his choices. Now theoretically this seems to be easy enough, that if several alternatives are open to somebody he is going to make the choice that he feels is the right one for him. In actual practice, it turns out that unless one is used to the idea that there are choices, and unless one is trained in making such choices, he may not even be aware of the fact that he has choices, or, if he is aware of it, may simply rush into the first avenue open to him almost blindly without awareness of alternatives. What we are trying to create in the Buck's Rock environment is an atmosphere that makes young people aware of the fact that there are choices and trains them in making such choices.

Now my experience in the past years has been that it has

become increasingly difficult for young people to make such choices. They increasingly look towards others to make such choices for them or become paralyzed by the necessity of making choices, by the very aspect of making choices. They have become used to the idea that either choices are to be made for them, or if they are presented to them, they are far from being a thing that would make them free; it is rather a thing that terrifies them, ~~that~~ frightens them, in fact, at times, depresses them.

I find increasingly that young people react to freedom of choice with depression. They either prefer to be directed or they prefer to blame others for suppression. If then freedom of choice is existent, they have no one to blame for the absence of it because it is present, or they are paralyzed by the fact that they find that it is difficult to make choices. Of course it is true that an environment such as Buck's Rock does not present absolute freedom, because, absolute freedom, as I implied earlier, is impossible. In addition, a somewhat crowded environment such as Buck's Rock makes it necessary to impose certain limitations on the movement of the individual in order to preserve a certain cohesion. Also, we do not live in a vacuum, but our existence, the existence of all educational institutions, depends on the goodwill of authorities such as educational authorities, government, parents, even contemporaries. If we feel ourselves independent of them and do not take cognizance of the existence of such rather powerful judging forces, we would very soon be driven out of existence. So, pressure from within as well as pressure from without make it necessary to curtail the freedom of the individual.

Whether we do not go far enough or whether we go too far depends on the judgment that is made by either the observer from without or the camper from within. I try here to achieve a kind of compromise that allows the greatest possible amount of freedom without endangering the very existence of the institution itself. For some, it may be sufficient; for some, it may go too

far; for the majority it won't go far enough. And there it is.

Q. Why do you think most of us have trouble making decisions? Is it because for the other ten months of the year we do not have to do this, or is it something else?

A. It is an effort to make decisions, and we are increasingly reluctant to make efforts that make demands on our emotional stamina. We feel that this is almost an imposition, that someone is putting something over on us.

Q. It seems that this summer has had a slower pace getting started. Is this a general trend, and do you see any reason for it?

A. It might be a general trend, it might be true that it takes young people a longer time to overcome their passivity, to overcome the fact that they just sit and wait until someone tells them what to do, or coerces them to do something, if only then to protest against it. I have a feeling that many young people are more inclined to wait, reluctant to involve themselves. Maybe it has to do with the fact that time after time they have been disappointed--promises or implied promises have been made to them, and have not been kept. They just wait and see before they involve themselves, lest they be disappointed again, lest what seemed to be a promising prospect turns out to be a mirage--they are accustomed to expect disappointment. Secondly, I hold that our environment tends to turn them into spectators. By the end of high school, they have watched 22,000 hours of television. They're used to the idea that all they have to do is turn a knob, so much so that the verb "turning off" has entered our language with special significance, almost as a new word. They've discovered that they can turn off everybody. And it is tempting to turn off anything that is too demanding, that demands too much of an effort.

Q. One thing that I guess is probably asked at every interview is your views on drugs, so I'd like to record it here once more,

particularly in the perspective of how much freedom the kids should have and how much restriction there should be to keep Buck's Rock viable.

A. Well, let me tell you that I do think that the use of drugs is going to be a passing phase--I could almost call it fad, and that there will be a strong counter-movement of young people as soon as they recognize that the human mind is a wonderful instrument capable of deep emotions, great facts, significant involvements, creative impulses--all things that cannot be improved by the use of drugs. The human mind, the human brain, functions best when it is left to its own resources, when it is allowed to use its own infinite, tremendously rich resources, that have carried man from an ape-like creature to almost impossible achievements, insights, awareness, self-consciousness, and so on. I think that there will be very soon a reaction to the use of drugs as a means of expanding consciousness. Consciousness is expanded not mechanically by swallowing pills, but by great emotional and intellectual efforts, and only a generation that shies away from effort, only a generation against whom an accusation of emotional and intellectual laziness can be levelled would try to make a cheap and artificial shortcut. As soon as people become aware that this is a shameful way of living, they will do away with it. The threat to health is a poor justification for not using drugs. In my mind, it plays a secondary role. I think that everybody ought to be entitled to ruin his health if he wants to.

But no one should be left with the illusion that there is anything that can replace effort, curiosity, creativity. Nobody should be left with the illusion that this can be stimulated artificially by popping a pill. By the way, this is not simply the young people's invention. Pep pills have been invented by their mothers, who were too weak to curb their appetites until they became 30 pounds overweight, or 40 pounds overweight, and then couldn't do anything about it because they were unable to say no to a piece of cake, to say no to stuffing themselves like chairs, and therefore had to pop pills.

As far as Buck's Rock is concerned, as any progressive institution, it would be severely threatened if it were discovered that part of the population is involved with drugs. That would threaten its existence in extremely

short order. Many others have similarly disappeared, and their disappearance delighted the reactionary forces in education, which are gaining the upper hand in this country today.

Q. Is there any less artificial way for creativity to be fostered, or at least to be developed, that we could use here or is being used here?

A. Three things have to come together. You have to create an environment that is conducive to creative effort, that allows freedom of choice, that does not set a time limit on how long someone is engaged in a creative enterprise. Secondly, it has to provide adequate tools. Usually the tools provided for young people to be creative are poorly designed, insufficient, cheap. Thirdly, the effort has to come from within the young people themselves. They have to be the ones who want to make the effort, who think the effort is worthwhile, who think that the creative effort is the highest achievement that human beings are capable of. My hope is that for as many people as possible, these three factors will converge in the results that Buck's Rock was set up for in the first place, namely a creative work camp.

interview with Ernst Bulova recorded and edited by Jon Victor

Directory

Girls

Sarah Abrams	27 Northbrook Rd	Spring Valley NY	EL6-8008
Lisa Alcott	144-19 71 Ave	Flushing NY 1136	BO8-6284
Marcy Alcott	144-19 71 Ave	Flushing NY 11	544-7213
Rachel Armel	86 Barberry La	Roslyn Hgts NY	HT4-1279
Debbie Auerbach	232 Hudson Ave	Englewood NJ	568-5372
Erica Babad	31 Sprain Valley Rd	Scarsdale NY 10583	GR2-4937
Laura Balsam	685 West End Ave	New York NY	UN5-6975
Karen Barzman	19 Stuyvesant Oval	New York NY 10009	OR7-1278
Claudia Beckwith	410 So Parkway	Clifton NJ	473-0530
Sarah Bendersky	556 Nanatuck Blvd	Brightwaters NY	666-6715
Louise Berliner	33 Woodmere Blvd S	Woodmere NY	295-3826
Susan Bernhard	Middle Neck Rd		883-3070
Sara Binder	Independence Ave	Bronx NY 10463	K18-1206
Dara Birnbaum	340 East 66 St	New York NY 10021	RE4-7714
Donna Blecher	11 Milford Dr		
Nancy Bleiweiss	10 Dutch Hollow Dr	Orangeburg NY 10962	EL9-1558
Jennifer Block	110-33 72 Ave		L14-6948
Judy Bloom	51 Old Meadow Rd	W Hartford Conn	232-9633
Claudia Borrell	290 9 Ave	New York NY	
Amy Brager	361 Claremont Ave	Mt Vernon NY	MO7-3923
Geri Brown	7 Schoolhouse La	Lake Success NY 11020	HU2-8233
Melissa Brown		New York NY 10023	EN2-5121
Andrea Bryck	42 Edgemere Dr	Searingtown NY 11507	HT4-0042
Jackie Cantor		New York NY 10023	TR7-9549
Joan Cantor	11 Field Lane	Roslyn Hgts NY	621-7763
Alison Carb	29 Washington Sq W	New York NY	OR3-5792
Laurie Cassel	173 Riverside Dr	New York NY	799-5185
Jessica Chereskin	170 E Rockaway Rd	Hewlett NY 11557	374-9568
Laurie Clark	1710 Avenue I	Brooklyn NY 11230	CL8-8273
Cobby Cohen	2 Fairview Rd	Scarsdale NY	GR2-4644
Jill Cohen	80 Fir Dr	Roslyn NY 11576	MA1-4581
Catherine Cohen	145 Cummings Dr	Orange Conn 06477	387-5660
Cindy Coren	280 Thornton Rd	Englewood NJ 07631	LO9-0676
Lisa Dames	33-68 21 St	Long Is City NY 11126	YE2-4238
Florence Davis	5632 Marlboro Rd	Pittsburgh Pa 15217	521-3484
Lauren Donner	31 Mowbray Ave	Bay Shore NY 11706	MO5-1909
Vivian Ducat	322 West 72 St	New York NY	724-2055
Adrienne Dunbar	711 Amsterdam Ave	New York NY 10025	UN5-5558
Laurie Ebner	396 South Parkway	Clifton NJ	473-3783
Rochelle Edelson	60 Ridge Rd	Searington NY 11507	775-5809
Karen Eisenberg	111 DeHaven Dr	Yonkers NY 10703	963-6604
Margaret Elliott	4807 Ave O	Brooklyn NY 11234	CL2-4775
Lisa Feder	215 Adams La	Woodmere NY	374-5254
Barbara Feinberg	37 Boxwood Dr	Stamford Conn	327-4569
Lily Feldman	49 Shore Dr	Kings Pt NY 11024	HU2-2115
Jessica Fichter	One Old Army Rd	Scarsdale NY 10583	723-6150
Debbie Finkelman	140 Cadman Plaza W	Brooklyn NY 11281	UL5-8735
Amy Finn	90 Wellington Ave	New Rochelle NY 10804	NE3-9261
Julie Flicker	305 East 86 St	New York NY 10028	427-2253

Toby Gersh	240 Cabrini Blvd	New York NY 10033	WA3-0019	
Debbie Gibbs	626 Riverside Dr 18G	New York NY 10031	926-9739	
Lisa Gilden	448 E 20 St	New York NY 10009	GR5-1062	
Vashti Gittler	147-29 Grand Cent PKwy	Jamaica NY	739-8486	
Michele Godbout	2 Washington Sq Vill	New York NY 10012	Gr5-0197	
Margaret Golden	The Hathaway Hse	Phila Pa 19144	VI8-9574	
Suzanne Golden	149 West 94 St	New York NY 10025	666-4848	
Bari Goodman	320 West End Ave	New York NY 10023	TR4-0706	
Lynn Goodman	5500 Fieldston Rd	Bronx NY 10471	K19-9588	
Laura Graiver	212-08 15 Ave	Bayside NY 11360	224-5497	
Andrea Granoff	510 Ellsworth Ave	New Haven Conn 06511	777-8950	
Susan Grayburn	15 Cow Lane	Kings Pt NY	HU2-4053	
Terry Green	43 Woodside Ave	Westport Conn	227-4119	
Frances Gutzwiller	4525 Henry Hud Pkwy	New York NY 10471	TU4-0739	
Diane Hammer	381 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	724-6612	
Marcia Heimbinder	57-18 246 Pl	Little Neck NY 11362	BA4-2386	
Marlene Hersh	305 W 86 St	New York NY 10024	LY5-9064	
Elyse Hilton	55 Swan Dr	Massapequa NY	541-7566	
Lisa Horowitz	179 Central Pkwy	Mt Vernon NY 10552	699-3709	
Tina Jones	4635 Douglas Ave	Riverdale NY 10471	543-7922	
Lisa Kallet	224 Broadview Ave	New Rochelle NY 10804	632-6774	
Judy Kamilar	240 Windsor Ave	Brightwaters NY	MO5-7167	
Elizabeth Karlin	12 Linden Blvd	Great Neck NY 11021	HU7-2933	
Deborah Kasher	15 West 81 St	New York NY	SU7-3869	
Laura Kaufman	39 Joyce Rd	Hartsdale NY	OW3-2308	6-6
Leslie Kazon	1230 Park Ave	New York NY	SA2-6482	3-4
Midyne Kessler	24 Melby La	Roslyn NY 11576	626-1424	8-31
Barbara Kessner	150 Birch Dr	Roslyn NY 11576	MA1-1701	8-29
Susan Kirshenbaum	883 Val Park Ave	Valley Stream NY 11580	LO1-0572	12-1
Flippy Klau	Doncella 7	Sanfurce P R 00913	724-7725	5-31
Laura Klebanow	21 Alan Ave	Danbury Conn 06810	748-0522	6-23
Mardi Jo Kleppel	20 Oxford Pl	Massapequa NY 11758	PY8-4589	11-14
Laura Korff	16 Sylvia Lane	New Hyde Pk NY 11040	328-1956	9-28
Susan Krasnoff	8 Stuyvesant Oval	New York NY 10009	OR3-6849	4-5
Martha Krisel	33-68 21 St	Long Is City NY	RA1-4951	8-2
Debi Leskawa	816 Delene Rd	Jenkitown Pa 19046	TU4-3551	-
Meredith Lesly	20 Vitlard Ave	Hastings on Hudson NY	478-3308	
Ellen Levenson	58 Berkshire Rd	Great Neck NY 11023	HN6-2533	
Amy Leventhal	28 Middlefield Dr	W Hartford Conn 06107	522-9141	
Jane Levine	228 Zabriskie Pl	River Edge NJ 07661	342-0393	7
Michele Lipa	1563 Gary St	E Meadow NY 11554	485-8557	5
Abigail Lipson	49 Huntington St	New Haven Conn 06511	776-8372	
Julie Liss	12 E 10 St	New York NY 10003	477-1488	
Betsy Malcolm	99 Oxford Dr	Tenafly NJ		
Susan Malkin	386 Cochran Pl	Valley Stream NY	PY1-5841	
Gwen Marcus	285 Dolphin Dr	Woodmere NY 11598	FR4-1237	
Laurie Marvald		Floral Pk NY		
Kathie McCarthy	142 West End Ave	New York NY	799-3561	
Nancy Mernit	17 Meadow Woods Rd	Lake Success NY 11020	466-0688	
Diana Moses	53 White Beeches Dr	Dumont NJ 07628	385-5385	
Phyllis Moses	53 White Beeches Dr	Dumont NJ 07628	385-5385	
Kathy Moss	500 Woodmere Blvd	Woodmere NY 11598	295-3225	
Barbara Multer	70 Candlewood Rd	Scarsdale NY	SC5-4617	
Laurie Nelson	711 Amsterdam Ave	New York NY 10025	663-2504	
Susan Nierenberg	376 Maitland Ave	Teaneck NJ 07666	837-6321	
Ruth Nyman	619 Jones Rd	Englewood NJ	569-0772	

Emily Olshansky	60 Lakeview Rd	New Rochelle NY	NE6-8051
Susan Papanek	296 Clinton Ave	Dobbs Ferry NY 10522	OW3-2957
Janey Perlov	56-36 220 St	Bayside NY 11364	BA4-8836
Roni Pfeffer	21 Colonial Rd	Scarsdale NY	GR2-4136
Margrit Polak	195 Beechstreet	Eastchester NY 10707	WO1-8761
Lisa Pomerantz	3000 Bronx Pk E	Bronx NY 10467	OL5-1012
Madge Postal	46 Midwood Cross	Roslyn NY 11576	MA1-8569
Rebecca Pressman	15-14 Ellis Ave	Fair Lawn NJ 07410	796-8087
Kate Probst	266 Henry St	Brooklyn NY 11201	UL8-0792
Naomi Rabinowitz	2515 Yates Ave	New York NY 10469	TU2-4258
Julie Raskin	1 Bogardus Pl	New York NY 10040	LO7-4997
Jane Resnick	75-04 185 St	Flushing NY 11366	GL4-1170
Marjorie Richter	42-42 Colden St	Flushing NY 11355	461-3839
Beth Robbins	53-40 Clearview Expy	Bayside NY 11364	BA9-2605
Randa Roen		Scarsdale NY 10583	SC3-2837
Ronnie Rom	133 Midwood Ave	Farmingdale NY 11735	CH9-0804
Holly Rosenthal	311 Kneeland Ave	Yonkers NY 10705	YO5-1313
Ilene Rosenthal	311 Kneeland Ave	Yonkers NY 10705	YO5-1313
Debra Rosenzweig	99 So Bay Ave	Brightwaters NY 11718	656-7939
Barbara Rosner	99 Wildwood Rd	New Rochelle NY 10804	TE4-0358
Laura Rubin	94 Reed Dr	Roslyn NY 11576	PI2-2522
Debbie Sachs	4 Wynmor Rd		
Caren Sands	9 Hazelnut Rd	New York NY 10024	EN2-7379
Robin Saperstein	3118 Brighton 4 St	Westport Conn 06880	227-2176
Madeleine Schachter	1 Wilbur Dr	Brooklyn NY 11235	SH3-6287
Gail Schonfeld	221 Green Ave	Great Neck NY	466-4080
Theresa Seclow	4 Bruce La	Freeport NY 11520	623-0585
Carol Seidelman	48 Harvest Dr	Westport Conn 06880	227-7385
Leila Shames	57 Holly Pl	Scarsdale NY 10583	SI5-2669
Sharon Shervington	80 LaSalle St	Briarcliff Manor NY	RO2-0083
Amy Silberkleit	2 Willow La	New York NY 10027	RI9-2744
Meri Siegel	815 Bethlynn Ct	Scarsdale NY 10583	SC3-6686
Laura Silverstein	45 Prescott Ave	E Meadow NY 11554	IV3-5094
Joan Singer	17 Bogert Rd	White Plains NY	WH6-9152
Darian Smolar	29 Chadwick Rd	Demarest NJ	768-1946
Andrea Snyder	1 Chittendon St	Great Neck NY	
Margaret Spiegel	52 Wimbledon La	N Valley Stream NY	LO1-2585
Abby Strauss	680 West End Ave	Great Neck NY	HU2-1937
		New York NY 10025	222-1464
Judith Trupin	573 Warwick Ave	Teaneck NJ 07666	837-4092
Jane Ubell	4 No Lavine Rd	Great Neck NY	466-2855
Loni Walfish	610 Waring Ave	Bronx NY 10467	KI7-4569
Caren Warhaftig	Llewellyn Pk	W Orange NJ 07052	731-7750
Jessica Wechsler	20 West 86 St	New York NY 10024	873-1773
Amy Wein	135 Hempstead Ave	Rockville Ctr NY	RO6-8596
Kathy Weiner	115 Central Pk W	New York NY 10023	SC4-7778
Amy Weissberg	28 Potters La	Great Neck NY	HU7-3616
Lauren Wiesenber	17 Winslow Rd	White Plains NY 10606	761-8845
Jill Wisoff	56 Meadow Farm Rd	Manhasset Hills NY	GE7-6919
Janice Wolff	45 Pk Terrace West	New York NY 10034	WI2-0253
Maureen Zamichow	21 Green Dr	Roslyn NY	PI1-4705
Dana Ziebel		Bronx NY 10467	TU2-5235
Judy Zimmet	137-15 76 Ave	Flushing NY 11367	BO1-5434

Boys

Terry Abeles	117 Winnebago Rd	Yonkers NY 10710	SP9-6714	6-8
Eric Adler	572 So Bayview Ave	Freeport NY 11520	MA3-2435	10-10
Christopher Andrews	463 West St	New York NY 10014	OX1-1479	7-26
Thomas Andrews	463 West St	New York NY 10014	OX1-1479	8-12
Peter Blau	8 Bayberry Ridge	Westport Conn	227-6651	2-13
Tony Blofson	49 W 12th St	New York NY	675-0898	8-30
Robert Boorstein	574 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	TR3-7631	9-8
Douglas Borses	651 Suffern Rd	Teaneck NJ 07666	836-0295	11-11
Edward Bryant	30 Stornoway Rd	Chappaqua NY 10514	238-3289	4-27
Andrew Burns	8 Spector Rd	Woodbridge Conn	389-0839	7-7
Andrew Bursten				
Brian Camazine	29 Abbey Close	Scarsdale NY	SC5-2480	10-18
Richard Carlin	228 Terhune Rd	Princeton NJ 08540	921-6692	10-5
Benjamin Chereskin	170 E Rockaway Rd	Hewlett NY 11557	374-9568	12-2
Larry Chertoff	241 Central Pk West	New York NY	TR4-1763	7-12
David Church	84 Maywood Rd	New Rochelle NY	TE4-0749	4-1
Bradley Cohen	165 West End Ave	New York NY 10023	SU7-3285	10-13
Frank Dalgin	203 Wood Hollow La	New Rochelle NY	632-8974	5-9
Christopher Davies	7 Grotes Pl	Blkheath London SE3 Eng	852-4629	5-24
Danny Drexler	316 W 79 St	New York NY 10024	799-7724	12-17
Jonathan Durham	12 Melbourne Rd	Great Neck NY 11021	HU7-6416	1-24
Ralph Durham	12 Melbourne Rd	Great Neck NY 11021	HU7-6416	5-22
Michael Dutka	39 Wilcox Ave	Yonkers NY	YO5-0184	1-7
Steve Ehrlich	431 East 20 St	New York NY 10010	OR3-8499	8-30
Evan Estern	82 Remsen St	Brooklyn NY 11201	TR5-7613	6-16
Timothy Fast	84-05 165th St	Jamaica NY	OL8-3666	6-22
Matthew Feder	215 Adams La	Woodmere NY	FR4-5254	9-4
Bennett Fischer	18 Fairmont Ave	Hastings on Hudson NY	GR8-0636	9-20
Robert Flatow	75 Bank St	New York NY 10014	CH3-2262	1-17
Charles Flicker	18 Cardinal Rd	Manhasset NY 11030	MA7-9260	6-18
Kenneth Friedman	605 Standish Rd	Teaneck NJ	836-9489	11-2
Kenneth Frontman				
Mitchell Geier	8 Fernwood Pl POB 323	Old Bridge NJ 08857	727-2346	11-14
Peter Glasner	119 Erledon Rd	Tenafly NJ 07670	567-3889	9-20
Robert Glembot	790 W Rolling Rd	Springfield Pa	K14-5799	5-2
Adam Glinert	36 Cambridge Race	Englewood Cliffs NJ	567-8488	4-30
Michael Golbe	311 Lantana Ave	Englewood NJ 07631	LO8-6773	2-25
Michael Granderson	114-27 149th St	Jamaica NY 11436	OL9-0159	6-18
Eric Greenblatt	215 Forest Ave	Lakewood NJ	363-3340	4-28
Stanley Greenblatt	210 Barker Rd	Wyncote Pa 19095	887-5265	9-24
Gregory Greenfield	227 Commonwealth Ave	Mt Vernon NY	699-7801	2-22
Daniel Grosser	3240 Henry Hudson Pkwy	New York NY 10463	K16-2639	1-3
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Andrew Gutterman				

Matthew Harris	229 Kensington Oval	New Rochelle NY	8E5-4790
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Alan Himmelstein	2976 Clubhouse Rd	Merrick NY	MA3-4614
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Daniel Hochberger	640 West 239 St	Bronx NY 10463	548-0806
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David Horowitz	10382 Green Mt Cir	Columbia Md 21043	
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Eric Seibel	75 Bedford Mews	New York NY 10014	CH3-3011
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Michael Shefrin	Lonetown Rd	W Redding Conn 06896	
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Jonathan Shimm	2429 Wrightwood Ave	Durham NC 27705	489-9081
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William Sipser	65 Overlook Cir	New Rochelle NY	NE2-0126
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Eric Small	134 Old Post Rd	Croton on Hudson NY	CRI-4207
Stephen Smolar	29 Chadwick Rd	Great Neck NY	466-2952
Ivan Solotaroff		New York NY	
Claude Spiro	256 Grist Mill La	Great Neck NY 11023	HU7-2987
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Jonathan Steinhoff	71 Deer Path	Princeton NJ 08540	924-9557
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James Wacht	1000 Park Ave	New York NY	UNI-3485
Robert Waldman	93 Spier Rd	Scarsdale NY	WH9-8792
Donald Wall	174 No Brookside Ave	Freeport NY 11520	MA3-6366
Edward Weisberg	363 Jones Rd	Englewood NJ 07631	569-0785
Andrew Weiss	7 Willow La	Tenafly NJ 07670	568-7919
David Weiss	141-04 Coolidge Ave	Jamaica NY 11435	AX7-7346
Mark Weissberg	210 Surrey Rd	Hillside NJ 07205	353-5020
Peter Winston	530 Riverside Dr	New York NY 10027	RI9-2351
Dan Winterbottom	26 Random Rd	Princeton NJ 08540	921-7633
Michael Wool	47-34 215 St	Bayside NY 11361	428-8311

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Amy Black	72 Pk Terrace W	New York NY 10034	LO9-1495	9-4
Francie Camper	40 West 77 St	New York NY 10024	787-8781	1-4
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Nancy Drukker	30 Cow Lane	Great Neck NY 11024	487-7264	3-23
Ellie Eisner	180 Colony Rd	New Haven Conn	624-1238	3-1
Michelle Gale	170 Meister Blvd So	Freeport NY 11520	TN8-4284	2-1
Marianne Goldstein	545 Ellsworth Ave	New Haven Conn 06511	562-7846	10-21
Nancy Guggenheim	101 Grayson Pl	Teaneck NJ 07666	837-2330	10-10
Patricia Gutzwiller	4525 H Hudson Pkwy	Bronx NY 10471	884-0739	10-17
Monica Henoch	28-15 208 St	Bayside NY 11360	BA4-6675	2-21
Deborah Herzog	6 Lohman Rd	Convent Sta NJ 07961	267-8646	3-27
Susan Hoppenfeld	10382 Green Mt Cir	Columbia Md 21043		3-8
Debra Kalish	15 West 81 St	New York NY 10024	787-3869	5-1
Suzanne Kirschner	170 West End Ave	New York NY 10023	799-9198	12-14
Susan Klebanow	21 Alan Ave	Danbury Conn 06810	748-0522	3-20
Abby Lappen	109 Colony Rd	New Haven Conn 06511	777-0814	12-28
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Melissa Thomas	148-15 116 Ave	Jamaica NY 11436	OL9-7669	8-20
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CIT Boys

1940-1941	1941-1942	1942-1943	1943-1944	1944-1945
1945-1946	1946-1947	1947-1948	1948-1949	1949-1950
1950-1951	1951-1952	1952-1953	1953-1954	1954-1955
1955-1956	1956-1957	1957-1958	1958-1959	1959-1960
1960-1961	1961-1962	1962-1963	1963-1964	1964-1965
1965-1966	1966-1967	1967-1968	1968-1969	1969-1970
1970-1971	1971-1972	1972-1973	1973-1974	1974-1975
1975-1976	1976-1977	1977-1978	1978-1979	1979-1980
1980-1981	1981-1982	1982-1983	1983-1984	1984-1985
1985-1986	1986-1987	1987-1988	1988-1989	1989-1990
1990-1991	1991-1992	1992-1993	1993-1994	1994-1995
1995-1996	1996-1997	1997-1998	1998-1999	1999-2000
2000-2001	2001-2002	2002-2003	2003-2004	2004-2005
2005-2006	2006-2007	2007-2008	2008-2009	2009-2010
2010-2011	2011-2012	2012-2013	2013-2014	2014-2015
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Sean Daniel	865 West End Ave	New York NY 10025		11-7
Gregory Dixon	625 Walker Ave	Baltimore Md 21212		
Richard Elliott	93 Scrogg Rd Newcastle upon Tyne	NE6 4HA England		11-7
Fred Endzweig	4301 Spruce St	Phila Pa 19104 Apt B309		11-7
Gina Etra	Hallock Pt Rd	Stow Mass		
Harold, Betty Ewen	85-03 150 St	Jamaica NY 11435		
Laura Ewen	85-03 150 St	Jamaica NY 11435		
James Feigelman	89-10 Whitney Ave	Elmhurst NY 11373	478-5524	8-24
Joshua Feldman	2939 Wilson Ave	Bronx NY 10469	OL2-6439	
Wayne, Judy Felgar	1072 Bahama	Marion Ohio 43302	382-6406	
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Jill Cohen - Phone 484-5743
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Vivian Ducat - Zip Code 10023
Lisa Feder - Zip Code 11518
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Adam Glinert - 30 Cambridge Place
Dan Hoppenfeld - Phone 730-1782
Todd Idson - Birthday 3-24
John Kalish - Phone 873-4650
Larry Kessler - 10185 Collins Ave. Bal Harbour, Fla. 866-5668
David Kumin - Birthday 3-29 Zip 07666
Loe Orenstein is Leo Orenstein in disguise
David Ogrin - Zip 11520
David Ost - Phone 874-7531
Daniel Pearl - Phone 423-2294

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Stuart Schear - 5 Fernway Phone GR2-4884
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Robert McCarthy - Phone 787-6622
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Richard Elliott - Birthday 1-11
Jurgen Feuhrer - 5 Koln (Not S Koln)
Glenn Hopkins - Birthday 5-19
John Kador - Birthday 12-8
Daryl Ogden - Birthday 3-12
Arvind Patel - Code should be LE2 7JQ (not LEZ 75Q)
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Miriam Walker - 3 Florence Ave. (Not 2 Florence Ave)
Susanna Walker - Sheens Chackmore Nr. (not Shuns Chackmore No.)

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Lisa Horowitz	Karen Putterman	Claude Spiro
Debra Kalish	Ronnie Rom	Peter Swarth
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Laurie Clark	Ilene Rosenthal
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Margaret Elliot	Claude Spiro
Lisa Horowitz	Loni Walfish
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Thomas Andrews	Diane Hammer	Ronnie Rom
Claudia Beckwith	David Horowitz	Steve Rose
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Abbot Burns	Mike Kempster	Holly Rosenthal
Andrew Bursten	Larry Kessler	Ilene Rosenthal
Francie Camper	Suzanne Kirschner	Laura Rubin
Alison Carb	David Kumin	David Sadok
Richard Carlin	Meredith Lesly	Peter Samis
Jessica Chereskin	Amy Leventhal	Caren Sands
Judy Citron	Jane Levine	Madeleine Schachter
Laurie Clark	Peter Lewis	Mitch Schear
Cal Cohen	Ab Lipson	Stuart Schear
Cindy Coren	Doug Lyons	David Schwalb
Gregory Dixon	Betsy Malcolm	Teresa Seclow
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Vivian Ducat	Gwen Marcus	Lee Shames
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Peter Glasner	Leo Orenstein	Marc Turkel
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